SERIES OF NOVELS,

BY *MADAME DE GENLIS.*

VOL. III.

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CONTAINING

THE PERPLEXED LOVER.

DESTINY; OR THE UNFORTUNATE.

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PERPLEXED LOVER.

AFTER taking poſſeſſion of the valuable eſtate which had devolved upon him by the death of a great-uncle, the young count of Roſenthall loſt no time in ſettling all his other affairs, preparatory to leaving Germany, on the extenſive travels he propoſed to undertake. With a conſiderable fortune, a cultivated mind, an ardent deſire of information, and a perfect independence on control, he had all that ſimplicity which might be expected in a german of twenty-ſix years

of age, and one who had never quitted his native soil. He had long entertained the project of visiting Italy, France, and England; and he resolved to begin with France, which, at that period, was governed by a directory. He set out at the end of the month of March; and, stopping but little on his journey, arrived at Paris early in April.

Unfortunately for Rosenthall, this was an epoch at which the french government arrested and deported without number. He had only one letter of recommendation, and this was addressed to a person who had just been sent to Cayenne. Indulging himself in censures on the rigour of this and similar political measures, his imprudence was soon noticed by the spies; he was denounced, arrested, and,

within twenty-four hours after his arrival, conducted to the Temple.

Here he was ſhut within a large and decent chamber, which contained ſix other priſoners. Among theſe, Roſenthall immediately diſtinguiſhed a man of fifty years of age, of a noble and intereſting aſpect, who, apart from the reſt, and ſeated at a little table, read with ſo much attention, that, on hearing a new priſoner enter the room, he roſe without diſcontinuing his reading. It often happens, that nothing excites ſo much curioſity as thoſe who betray none; diſdain irritates and repulſes; but calmneſs and indifference have in them a ſomewhat of originality which wakens and ſtimulates ſelf-love. After having received the compliments of his companions in misfortune, after having

replied to a thouſand queſtions, all inquired at once, Roſenthall inquired, in a low voice, the name of the priſoner who was reading at the other end of the room? He learned that it was *Darmond*; and, in a few moments, he had ſeated himſelf cloſe to the object of his curioſity, who ſtill read, without paying him the leaſt attention. At this juncture, the door opened, and a young lady, of the moſt charming figure, haſtily entered, and threw herſelf into the arms of Darmond. This was his daughter; and with what an increaſe of intereſt did the Count now behold the father!

"My dear Leontina," ſaid Darmond, "how have you obtained permiſſion to come here?"

"Oh, father! how could I be refuſed?" At theſe words, Darmond's eyes filled with tears; his daughter

leaned upon his ſhoulder; they ſpoke in a low tone of voice, and the count withdrew from them through reſpect. All the priſoners had their eyes fixed upon the charming Leontina; but Roſenthall, above all, contemplated her with that delight and agitation which preſage with certainty an impaſſioned ſentiment. It rarely occurs to youth, that a firſt interview, accompanied with extraordinary and intereſting circumſtances, and when both the perſons are remarkable for exterior recommendations, does not give birth to love. Roſenthall was young and handſome: Leontina perceived the impreſſion ſhe had made upon him; and, when the converſation became general, he was the firſt to whom ſhe addreſſed any direct diſcourſe. He was alive to this diſtinction; ſo well do we know how to value what con-

cerns the heart. Leontina remained more than three hours in the prifon; and, on retiring, fhe made a promife to her father to return the next day, at noon.

The fame evening, Rofenthall made a happy difcovery. Darmond wifhed to play at chefs, and could find no one to be his adverfary. The count eagerly offered himfelf, and was accepted with gratitude. When the game was finifhed, the two prifoners mutually enquired of each other the refpective caufes of their detention, and both found themfelves, on this head, equally ignorant.

"You," faid the Count, "have friends, who, doubtlefsly, will obtain your fpeedy releafement; but, for myfelf, a foreigner, without relations or acquaintance in this country, I do not fee how I am to get away. Juf-

tice makes advances to none; ſhe is, indeed, ſo beautiful, that ſhe deſerves to have them made to her; ſhe will be ſought and wooed."—"True," replied Darmond, "and I will woo her for you, and promptly, if, as I have reaſon to hope, I obtain my liberty in a few days."—"Ah, ſir," cried Roſenthall, "I ſhall be happy in the obligation!"

Leontina returned the next day, and found her father and the Count already intimate friends; for in priſon, friendſhips are formed with as much expedition as on a journey, or at ſea. Leontina brought good news; ſhe had been promiſed that her father ſhould be ſet at liberty within fifteen days. His entire innocence was known; but in times of revolution, reparations for injuſtice muſt not be expected. The converſation was chearful. Leontina

looked charmingly; ſhe had the ſmile of an enchantreſs, and this ſmile was ſo eloquent! Roſenthall, too, found himſelf gifted with replies ſo ſweet! This morning completed the chains of his attachment.

Leontina remained till ſix in the evening, and, on going out, ſaid aloud to her father, "If Melcy arrives in good time, I will come with him to-morrow." After her departure, Roſenthall propoſed a game of cheſs to Darmond. While they were arranging the men, "Do you know," ſaid Darmond, "who that *Melcy* is, of whom my daughter ſpoke?—He is my intended ſon-in-law."

"Your ſon-in-law!" replied Roſenthall, with extreme emotion.

"Yes; an excellent young man; a relation, the nephew of my couſin-germain, my old college-companion,

my moſt intimate friend, who has made a large fortune in our colonies. In re-croſſing the ſea, he has been taken by the Engliſh; but we expect that he will ſoon recover his liberty, and we only wait his arrival to celebrate the marriage of my daughter with his nephew. But play!" continued Darmond.

Poor Roſenthall, ſlowly moved a pawn. "This marriage is not one of advantage only," ſaid he, "it is no doubt the reſult of choice, alſo?"

"Aſſuredly: they both love each other paſſionately. Melcy is the moſt amiable young man!—but ſee you not the blow which threatens you?—do you obſerve?"

"Alas! no."

"You loſe your lady."

"Yes;—I loſe every thing."

"You play so well, that I wonder how you could commit such a fault."

"Have they loved one another long, then?"

"From their infancy; and this passion is accompanied by so tender a friendship, so boundless a confidence! —You have made a bad move.—Check to the king!"

"And—this marriage will take place, you say?"

"Certainly; in two months at farthest."

"In two months!"

"Check and mate!"

Rosenthall did not ask for revenge. He complained of a violent pain in his head, and retired to a corner of the chamber, where he remained for the rest of the day profoundly silent. He was not more surprized and afflicted,

than indignant; especially when he recollected the ſmiles of Leontina. "Can ſhe ſmile thus," ſaid he within himſelf, "upon him ſhe does not love, and while ſhe loves another? what can that tender expreſſion, that which appeared ſo artleſs be, but an outſide ſhow, or, to ſpeak more ſtrictly, a ſnare? What coquetry! What falſehood!—See what Frenchwomen are!—Alas! that ſo many graces ſhould be united with ſo much deceit!"

In order to rid himſelf of all converſation, Roſenthall went to reſt at an early hour; and, being unable to ſleep, he aroſe at day-break. In the mean time, he reſolved to conceal his grief, and to employ the whole ſtrength of his reaſon to repulſe a hopeleſs paſſion. His anger itſelf perſuaded him, that it would not be very difficult to ſurmount a ſentiment ſo newly im-

bibed. He determined to behave to Leontina with the utmost carelessness and slight; not that he acknowledged to himself a desire of surprising and vexing her, but that he found in this design the only consolation he was capable of receiving.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Melcy was announced; and, in an instant after, he appeared. Melcy was, in reality, a young man of the most agreeable figure, and of manners replete with graces and sweetness. After having conversed a quarter of an hour with Darmond, he advanced towards Rosenthall, who received with equal coolness and embarrassment the compliments he offered. Leontina followed. Rosenthall affected an air of perfect ease, and, seating himself beside her, seized a moment in which every body was speaking at once, to

feilcitate her on her approaching marriage; but Leontina wholly disconcerted him by the simplicity of her reply, in which she spoke with undisguised affection for Melcy, bestowing on his name, in few words, the warmest praise. As Leontina and Melcy had some business to transact for Darmond, they withdrew together, after a short visit. In the evening, Leontina returned alone, and informed Rosenthall, that Melcy, who had many powerful friends, would take measures in his behalf. Rosenthall returned his thanks coldly, and with so much confusion, that he could not finish the compliment. Leontina, who had her eyes fixed upon him, smiled; and her smile had so much of kindness and sentiment in it, that he was on the brink of reproaching her with perfidiousness: at length,

unable to contain himſelf, he left her abruptly.

On the days that followed, Leontina and Melcy regularly came, and rivalled each other in teſtifying the moſt lively intereſt in the fate of Roſenthall.—Melcy, in particular, appeared deſirous of cultivating his friendſhip, and ſo exerted himſelf for his advantage, that, in ſpite of all his ill-humour, he could not avoid returning demonſtrations of gratitude.

About three weeks had paſſed, when Melcy came one morning, and announced to the two priſoners that they were free. He embraced the Count, and felicitated him with a grace and ſenſibility, that ſtrongly affected the latter. "I am ſetting out for the country," ſaid Darmond to Roſenthall, "and, my dear Count, you muſt come along with us." Melcy joined his intreaties to

thoſe of Darmond: he ſuffered them to prevail, and followed. At the foot of the ſtaircaſe they found Leontina, who, tranſported with joy, threw herſelf, in tears, on the neck of her father; and who afterwards, turning to Roſenthall and Melcy, ſaid, both to the one and the other, the moſt affectionate things, and in a tone of the trueſt ſenſibility. In a few moments they left the priſon, ſeated themſelves in a carriage, and commenced their journey towards Franconville. After travelling five leagues, they arrived at a charming château, ſituate in the valley of Montmorency, and belonging to Darmond.

The more Roſenthall obſerved Leontina and Melcy, the more he was confirmed in the idea that they adored each other. Melcy, whoſe behaviour demonſtrated the ſincereſt friendſhip, talked to him inceſſantly of Leontina,

and always with enthusiasm. Rosenthall had no longer any shadow of hope, yet he could not conquer a passion, by so much the more ardent, as it was the first he had felt. Besides, notwithstanding all her attachment to Melcy, he remarked, with equal uneasiness and surprize, that Leontina, coldly polite to all other men who visited her father's house, and naturally of a disposition exceedingly reserved, displayed towards himself the most captivating manners and the most solicitous attention.—Melcy, himself, did not obtain from her more gracious smiles nor more friendly words. Sometimes Rosenthall ventured to believe, that Leontina, without acknowledging it to herself, without even suspecting it, entertained a partiality for him; but he was under great obligations to Melcy; the latter treated him

with an impressive friendship and confidence; and, abhorring the idea of supplanting him, he took the resolution of tearing himself, without delay, from the scene of dangers, which menaced both his peace and his virtue. He had been eight days at Franconville, when he declared that affairs obliged him to set out on the morrow. After making known his intention to Darmond, who combated it in vain, he went in search of Leontina and Melcy, to take leave. He found them conversing alone in the saloon; but what was his emotion, when, on speaking of his approaching departure, he saw Leontina turn pale!

"What!" cried Melcy, "leave us so suddenly! and why?"

"An important affair compels me."

"What affair?"

"The detail would be too long."

"My dear Rosenthall, I have too

much friendſhip for you, you inſpire me with too much confidence, not to give me the right of queſtioning you. This haſty departure makes me uneaſy. What has happened?"

"Nothing diſagreeable; but I aſſure you—I proteſt—that I muſt abſolutely go."

"Why, then, this myſtery?"

At theſe words the Count caſt down his eyes and ſighed; and Leontina, by way of reply to Melcy, obſerved—"Do not you ſee that M. de Roſenthall is merely weary of the country, and deſirous of returning to Paris?"

"Ah, madam!" ſaid Roſenthall with earneſtneſs, "do not add to the too ſevere affliction that I already ſuffer."

He ſtopped, believing that he had betrayed himſelf, for his eyes were full of tears. He dared neither to look up nor to ſpeak, for he doubted not that

Leontina and Melcy, had now penetrated his ſecret.

"No, no," ſaid Melcy, "we do not grow weary in the company of ſincere friends.—Yes, Roſenthall is happy among us, I am ſure."

"I ſhould be happy to believe ſo;" ſaid Leontina.

She pronounced theſe words in a tone of voice, that vibrated to the very bottom of the heart of Roſenthall. He put both his hands before his face and burſt into tears. After a moment's ſilence, taking and preſſing the hand of the Count, "Dear Roſenthall," ſaid Melcy, "I ſee that you are torn by a ſecret that is not your own; for, if it were, you would confide it to us; I will no longer, therefore, preſs you for an explanation; but grant us yet fifteen days."

"Oh, do not refuse us!" added Leontina.

"Great God!" cried Rosenthall, "who can resist you?"

At this moment Darmond entered, and was informed that Rosenthall would continue his guest. He expressed his thankfulness for the favour, and then, turning to Melcy, "you are going to Paris to day," said he, "and you should take the count there; for, hitherto, we have thought only of ourselves, forgetful that he has seen nothing of the city but the *temple* and the museum, which he visited the day after his arrival. He has been neither at the theatres nor on the promenades: you can take him to-day to the opera and to the frescati."

"No, no," interrupted Rosenthall, "let me pass at Franconville the fifteen days that I have devoted to you. Let

me lose no part of them; they will roll away but too swiftly."

Leontina thanked Rosenthall, by the most tender look, and Melcy went to Paris alone.

Several persons came from Paris to dinner. Leontina appeared more cheerful than usual, and, in the eyes of Rosenthall, more lovely than ever. On rising from table, she was obliged, by her father's command, to play at whist, and Rosenthall went down into the garden Reflecting on all that had happened, he was unable to conceive how Melcy could remain ignorant of the real state of his heart: he felt, that in his place, he should have experienced the most violent jealousy. Leontina had turned pale!—How could Melcy have avoided remarking her agitation, and that of Rosenthall? How, after the words, the embarrassment, and the

tears of Rosenthall, could there remain the least doubt concerning the secret which he had refused to reveal? Nevertheless, Melcy had not exhibited the slightest symptom of surprize; his manner, his deportment, his language and his conduct, showed a sense of perfect security, and a total ignorance of the sentiments of Rosenthall. Doubtlessly, he so reckoned upon the heart of Leontina, that not only he was inaccessible to jealousy, but he did not even admit the possibility that any rational man could fall in love with her. Leontina appeared still more inexplicable to Rosenthall. In love, looks cheat less than words, and express themselves with equal precision; and those of Leontina were so tender! so eloquent!—she had so much sense and penetration—she seemed to understand Rosenthall so well;—she seemed, besides, so far

from being possessed by any species of coquetry: add to this, Rosenthall had seen her blush, grow pale, and almost soften into tears;—but then, on the other side, she always manifested the same sentiments for Melcy, the same pleasure in seeing him, the same eagerness to talk with him in private;—she had always some secret to whisper in his ear; his presence, far from being disagreeable to her, seemed to please her every moment. Absorbed in this multitude of reflections, the Count walked with slow steps along a shady alley of chesnuts. Suddenly he heard some one following him behind: he turned, and trembled on beholding Leontina. She was alone; she advanced; he found himself in her presence without a witness. What an event! A first tête-a-tête with a beloved object, *is* an *event* in life. Rosenthall was firmly resolved to be

ſilent; but this reſolution did not weaken the charm of that inſtant of anxiety and happineſs. Leontina approached him with timidity. Their converſation ran upon indifferent things and when theſe were exhauſted, they fell into a deep ſilence; for converſation eaſily drops, when we ſeek to diſſimulate what we feel, and when we are too much occupied by our thoughts, to find any thing elſe to ſay. At the end of the alley, was a parterre, filled with flowers that exhaled the moſt delicious odours. The day began to decline. Leontina ſeated herſelf on a bank, and, Roſenthall ſtanding near her, ſhe begged him to go and gather a tuberoſe. He obeyed, came back, and ſeated himſelf beſide her. After having praiſed the ſweet ſcent of the tuberoſe, their former ſilence returned. Leontina, at length, ventured to break it:

"You are very thoughtful," said she. This simple and entirely just remark, shook the whole frame of Rosenthall: "I *thoughtful*, near *you!*" replied he, with a trembling voice.

"And why not?"

"Ah! I dare not."

"I should not be displeased."

"I believe it.—Indifference is neither wounded nor offended by any thing."

"Indifference! what a word is this! at which friendship itself might be offended! But confess the truth: you repent of having yielded to our intreaties; the idea of passing fifteen days more with us, affrights you."

"It ought, indeed, to *affright* me.—Yes, that is the word, which I did not dare to utter:—*that* which you have pronounced."

"You frankly confess, then, that you are impatient to leave us?"

Rofenthall perceived in this retort, a mifconftruction that difpleafed him; and looking fixedly on Leontina, "Do you believe it?" faid he in a tone of fome feverity.

"Oh, no!" replied Leontina, paffionately; "and if I did, I would endeavour to deceive myfelf out of fo fad a truth."

"Great God!" cried Rofenthall, with tranfport.—He ftopped, feized one of Leontina's hands, preffed it ftrongly between his own, and, rifing haftily, tore himfelf from her, and difappeared. He fled, to mufe at liberty, at the farther end of the garden. He could no longer doubt the fentiments of Leontina; it was even clear, that fhe was defirous he fhould know them; but what were her projects, and her hope? Every thing was preparing for her marriage with Melcy; the later letters from

England, represented that Melcy's uncle would be in France within a month; and the wedding was to take place on the day after his arrival. Meanwhile, Leontina was serene, satisfied, and gay; she attended to the arrangements for her marriage herself; Rosenthall had heard her, the preceding evening, order her wedding-dress. How was such conduct to be understood, in a person full of delicacy and sensibility; and who displayed, moreover, the purest and severest principles? Rosenthall lost himself in these ideas; but the certainty of being beloved furnished his thoughts with a subject of the first interest: "No," said he, "I will not be wanting to the sacred duties of gratitude and hospitality. Leontina, who cannot but suspect my sentiments, shall never receive an avowal. I will go, without tasting the satisfaction of opening my heart. But

what do I say? has she not read this tortured heart? will not my silence be rewarded by her esteem? She loves me: will she not repeat to herself, all that I am forced to conceal?—She loves me! I am beloved by Leontina!—I may tremble at my fate; but, at the least, I ought to be proud!"

Rosenthall was still in the garden, when, at ten o'clock, he was told that supper was served.

He saw Leontina again, with an emotion that became yet stronger, when he perceived that she still wore the tuberose which she had taken from his hand. At table, Leontina placed him beside herself; and during supper, bestowed her whole attention upon him. Darmond, who was the third of the party, perceived nothing extraordinary in their behaviour or conversation. With a sound understanding, and the strictest

integrity, Darmond was one of those men who never apply but to business, the faculties of observation and reflection; and who, moreover, careless and unconcerned spectators of society, see nothing clearly but that which is put forward to be seen; hear nothing but that which is said to be heard; and understand nothing but that which is intended to be understood: a mode of existence which, indeed, favours a little of imbecillity, but which, when it is united with some degree of merit, is more useful than skill and penetration, the makers of so many enemies. Every body loves this quiet sort of people: they give so little trouble! One may deceive them with impunity;—intrigue in their presence. Were they cold hearted and vicious, one might still utter an elogy on their *perfect goodness*; but persons who

can hear and fee, are very *dangerous*, and very *wicked*.

After fupper, Rofenthall loft with Darmond, one after the other, three parties at chefs. Darmond obferved, that he played with fingular inequality; for he had often feen him play in a very fuperior manner.

The next day, at breakfaft, Leontina ftill wore the tuberofe, which, however, was now fomewhat faded. Melcy returned from Paris; and, according to cuftom, prefented an elegant bouquet to his future wife. Leontina received this offering with her ufual fweetnefs; but, after praifing the beauty of the flowers, "I am not yet fufficiently dreffed to wear this charming bouquet," faid fhe: "it will ornament my dreffing-room, and I fhall enjoy it the longer."

"At leaft," returned Melcy, "allow me

to take out this tuberose, to replace the one you wear, which is much less fresh."—"No," cried Leontina, blushing; this tuberose retains so sweet an odour!—I wish to keep it." Saying these words, she rang the bell; and ordered the bouquet to be carried to her dressing-room.

During this conversation, Rosenthall, agitated and affected in the highest degree, was scarcely able to breathe: but he experienced very different sensations, when, a moment after, he saw Leontina rise, lead Melcy to the recess of a window, and talk with him, during half an hour, in a low tone of voice, and with an air of the greatest tenderness and anxiety. His patience wholly exhausted, he left the room precipitately, and went into the garden. After about an hour had passed, he was rejoined by Melcy. Rosenthall had no desire to converse with

the companion who thus forced himſelf upon him; but Melcy, more communicative and more affectionate than ever, talked at large of his admiration of Leontina, of his happineſs, of Leontina's attachment to himſelf, of the intimate and perfect confidence ſhe honoured him with; and finiſhed theſe lengthened details with a panegyric on the ſuperiority of her mind, and the angelic excellence of her diſpoſition. While Melcy ſpoke on theſe ſubjects with the warmth and rapidity of fire, Roſenthall, more than once, changed colour, but preſerved a melancholy ſilence. Melcy did not ſeem to remark either his ſufferings or his embarraſſment. Roſenthall happily deſcried Darmond walking at the extremity of the parterre, and haſtened to join him, in order to deliver himſelf from a converſation which he was unable to ſupport.

During five or six days he continued in a state of melancholy; and Leontina, though she seemed totally unobservant of his feelings, grew every hour in his esteem. Frequently, indeed, she changed the sombre colour of his reflections, by the most charming expressions, and by artless traits of the most delicate sensibility; but presently, again, her conduct, and her familiarity with Melcy, rekindled the resentment of Rosenthall and awakened all his sorrow.

Darmond and his daughter were invited to a *bal-champêtre*, at Taverny, which was to be given by one of their neighbours. Rosenthall, who was likewise asked, declared that he would not go. On the day on which it was to take place, Melcy did not dine at Franconville. When dinner was over, Darmond retired into his study, to answer a letter which he had received, and Rosenthall

was left alone with Leontina. His firft motion was to fly. Leontina called him back. He returned; and with a frozen air, afked, *What command fhe had to lay upon him?*—"Several," replied Leontina, laughing; "and firft," pointing to a chair, "that you fit down there." Rofenthall feated himfelf. "You will go to Taverny?" faid Leontina.

"No, madam."

"Excellent: this refufal is a jeft."

"Truly, I am full of *jefts!* I am fo very merry, and I have fo much caufe!"

"But you have told me that you love dancing?"

"I have loft the tafte.—I hate balls, fêtes, and company."

"That is a pity;—but you will go to Taverny?"

"Gracious heaven!" cried Rofenthall, with vehemence, "can you propofe a ball to me, when I am to depart

within five or fix days when I am to depart for ever?"

Saying thefe words, he rofe impetuoufly, to leave the room. He haftened towards the door.

"Rofenthall!"—faid Leontina, in a foft and moving tone of voice. This fingle word had the effect of magic Leontina had never before pronounced it, without the cold addition of *monfieur*. This air of fentiment and familiarity, pierced intoxicated Rofenthall. He ftopped, with fuch a palpitation of the heart, that he was obliged to fuftain himfelf againft a table.

"Rofenthall!"—repeated Leontina, with a plaintive accent. Rofenthall, loft in the agitation of his fpirits, ran, and threw himfelf at her feet.

Leontina, in her turn, trembled; and a fort of terror manifefted itfelf in her

eyes: "What," said she, "is the meaning of this?"

"Is it not thus," replied Rosenthall, "that your orders should be received?" In uttering these words, which he did with inexpressible perturbation, he rose, and fell into a chair. There was a moment of silence. "Well!" said Leontina, "have you nothing to say to me?"

On receiving this pressing and dangerous question, Rosenthall reflected a moment or two: then, breathing a deep sigh, "If you desire," said he, "to know all I think, all I feel, direct him who possesses your confidence, to interrogate me. I will reply to his questions without disguise; but it is to Melcy only that I can declare what I suffer; or, at least, it is in his presence only, that I can satisfy your curiosity."

Leontina made no other reply, than

that of offering her hand to Rofenthall, who preffed it to his heart, while he looked on its miftrefs with aftonifhment. Leontina's countenance wore the fweeteft expreffion of love, of gratitude, and at the fame time of ferenity.

"What an incomprehenfible being you are!" faid Rofenthall.

"Be it fo!" cried Leontina; "but you will go to Taverny?"

"Great God!" cried Rofenthall, muft I repeat to you, that I am to depart in five days? And believe not that my defign is to ftop at Paris. No: I will not even go through it. I will go directly into Germany. I will carry from France but *one fingle recollection.* Of what value is any thing elfe!"

"You fhall not go in five days; you fhall give me all the time I afk."

"Who? *I*? *I* wait here for the return of Melcy's uncle?"

"Yes. I desire it."

"I had rather die!"

"Rosenthall! I desire it. I have a right to speak thus."

"Whence?"

"From the power supreme of a sentiment as veritable as it is pure."

"And, meanwhile, great God!"—

"I hear my father. Answer me, will you obey me?"

"Ah," cried Rosenthall, "you rack me; you rend my heart; but do with me as you will."

At these words, two tears stole from the beautiful eyes of Leontina: "You can love," said she; and, in pronouncing these words, she hastened to dry her eyes. She recovered the serenity of her countenance. Darmond entered the room. "Papa," said Leontina gaily "M. de Rosenthall has altered his mind: he will go to Taverny."

"I am delighted," returned Darmond, and I hope, alfo, that he will not leave Franconville before your marriage?

"O no, papa," replied Leontina, "He has promifed me that." Thefe words made Rofenthall ftartle. Happily, at this moment, a fervant announced that the horfes were ready. Leontina arofe, took her father's arm, gave her other to Rofenthall, and went out. Rosenthall was bewildered,—more perplexed than ever;—and, being feated in the carriage, by the fide of Leontina, could articulate monofyllables only, the whole of the way.

At Taverny they found Melcy; and Leontina accofted him with her ufual affection, while Rofenthall ftudied in vain to difcover in her the flighteft degree of conftraint or embarraffment. The ball commenced: Leontina danced admirably. Rofenthall had never feen her

dance before; but ſhe was engaged with Melcy, and appeared to ſee no one elſe in the room. Roſenthall heard every one in the room repeat: "What a charming couple, they were made for each other!" After the firſt country-dance, a gentleman begged Leontina to be his partner, but ſhe declined his invitation, ſaying, "I am engaged to M. de Roſenthall." This was not true; but Roſenthall could not refuſe to accept the hand which ſhe held out. Roſenthall was a good dancer; and, in ſpite of himſelf, he danced in his beſt manner.

As ſoon as the country-dances were finiſhed, Roſenthall eſcaped from the ball-room, went into the garden, and ſtriking into the deepeſt ſhade, ſeated himſelf on a bench, behind which ran a hedge of elm-trees. After he had ſpent an hour in this retreat, abſorbed

in profound thoughtfulneſs, his ears were ſtruck by a noiſe which proceeded from the other ſide of the hedge. What was his conſternation when he recogniſed the voices of Leontina and Melcy! Both burſt into laughter ſeveral times, and Roſenthall diſtinctly heard them pronounce his name. Trembling with ſurprize and anxiety, he liſtened attentively, and heard Leontina ſay, "Poor Roſenthall!" Melcy burſt into a long peal of laughter, and, walking on with Leontina, was ſoon too diſtant to permit Roſenthall to hear any more.

Roſenthall ſtood motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, and almoſt ſuffocated with rage; "What then," cried he, "I am merely an object of deriſion!—their laughing ſtock! This woman, whom, notwithſtanding the extravagance of her conduct, I adore; this

woman, who, in spite of duplicity that ought to make me despise her, sways over my heart and my imagination; this Leontina is only a monster of falsehood! Her vileness is equal to the enormousness of her coquetry! It is plain, that in company with my rival, she makes a jest of the sentiments with which she seeks to inspire me. It is plain, that she makes a diversion of turning my brain; that she seeks to seduce me, only to sacrifice me; and that her lover is but an insolent coxcomb, who, under the mask of friendship, makes an amusement of my care, affliction, and credulity! and I thought I owed him gratitude! I was penetrated by the perfidious demonstrations of his false friendship! Believing myself beloved, I had imposed upon myself the hard task of silence! I was desirous to go; and when they

forced me to ſtay, twenty times was I tempted to open to him the ſecret feelings of my heart! This is the reward of ſo much rectitude, ſo much candour, ſo much integrity of conduct! Yes; I will tear myſelf from this deteſtable place; but I will not go without vengeance: the odious Melcy ſhall give me ſatisfaction for his impertinence! After all, it is happy for me that I am able to hate and to deſpiſe! But Leontina!—Great God!—Can I believe it!—And yet, all this was not a ſelf-deception: I have ſeen her turn pale;—I have ſeen her tears fall!—I have read in her eyes the ſentiment I felt myſelf;—I have ſeen this!—Can it be Melcy, then, whom ſhe abuſes? Has ſhe a project to which this artifice tends?—She cheats one of us.—Alas! if ſhe

does not deserve my hatred, she is no longer worthy of my esteem."

This last reflection wounded the heart of the unfortunate Rosenthall. His tears flowed down his face. Suddenly, he heard an extraordinary noise in the château. He was about an hundred paces distant. He lifted his eyes, and perceived a bustle which indicated some extraordinary accident. Every one was running; the doors were thrown open in confusion; the servants were called; and the instruments of music were still. The Count, alarmed, hastily left his seat, and ran to the château. On entering the ball-room, what object did he behold, but, extended on a sofa, and in the arms of her father, Leontina, her arm covered with blood, and her senses gone!—Shocked, distracted, the count in-

terrogated every one who ftead near him. He learned that a chandelier bronze had fallen from its chain upon Leontina's left fhoulder, and that it was thought her arm was broke. The miftrefs of the houfe was on her knees before Leontina, employed in cutting open with her fcizzars the fleeve of Leontina's dress. In performing this operation fhe laid bare the naked arm, and found it furrounded, above the elbow, with a blue ribbon, which formed a fort of bracelet She untied it, and threw it carelefsly on a little table which ftood behind the fofa. Leontina's arm was wounded from the fhoulder to the elbow, and deeply cut in feveral places. The pain which, on ftriking the blow, the chandelier had given her, had thrown her into a fwoon. On re-opening her eyes, her firft enquiry was for

her father; but afterwards, her wandering eyes appeared to look for ſome one in the room, and fixed with the tendereſt expreſſion on Roſenthall, who ſtood bathed in tears. A moment after, ſhe aſked for Melcy. She was told that he had gone for a ſurgeon, who lived at a quarter of a league from Taverny. All the company of dancers, in conſternation at the event, were gathered in an adjoining gallery. Leontina was ſurrounded by only four or five perſons. She made a ſign to the Count to approach nearer to her. Every one, Darmond excepted, had diſcovered in his behaviour the ſtate of his heart. At length, Melcy returned with the ſurgeon. The latter, after examining Leontina's arm, declared that it was by no means broken. On this happy news, Melcy embraced Roſenthall with tranſport, and the

latter preſſed his rival in his arms, forgetful, at this moment, of all anger and reſentment.

While the ſurgeon was binding up Leontina's arm, a moment in which every eye was engaged on the patient, Roſenthall, at eaſe reſpecting her fate, found leiſure to recollect the myſterious bracelet of blue ribbon; he ſeized it, and put it into his pocket without being perceived by any one in the robbery. The miſtreſs of the houſe, who had untied it, was too buſily employed in doing the honours of the day, to recollect ſo trivial a thing; and thus the theft of Roſenthall was neither obſerved nor reclaimed.

The party left Taverny. On arriving at Franconville, Leontina went to bed, and Roſenthall into his chamber, to recover as much as poſſible the diſtraction of his mind, and

ſtill more for the ſake of examining the bracelet of blue ribbon. This puzzling bracelet, was no other than a little bag of blue ſattin, ſewed up with care, and to which was faſtened two ribbons; but, as Leontina had worn it privately under the ſleeve of her robe, it was doubtleſsly a ſentimental pledge of value. From its thinneſs and pliancy, Roſenthall judged that it could contain only hair; but Leontina had long openly worn a ring of Melcy's hair. Beſides, the bracelet appeared to be new! What could it contain? To clear up its hiſtory, and even to cheriſh an uncertain hope Roſenthall was greatly tempted to open it; but he maſtered his ardent curioſity. He juſtly thought, that Leontina would enquire for her bracelet; and that, on not recovering it, ſhe would inſtantly ſuſpect the truth.

His virtue fortified by this reflection, he determined to take the more generous part;—that of restoring the bracelet, and, consequently, of preserving it free from all injury. He folded it in paper, and, sighing, put it into his pocket.

Rosenthall went to bed at an early hour, slept little, and rose at day-break. No person being yet awake in the château, he walked out into the fields. At the distance of five hundred paces from the village, he found a little hill, scattered over with trees, and which overlooked a small isolated house. The sun had begun to gild the tops of the trees; and it is well known how fond are the travellers of this age, young and old, of contemplating the sun-rise from the summit of a mountain. Rosenthall, besides, was uneasy, love-sick, and

jealous; the morning beautiful: could a better opportunity offer for enriching his journal with a poetic description, and interesting picture of *sensations!*

Rosenthall took out his tablets, climbed the hill, and reached its summit. There he was fortunate enough to find the trunk of a decayed tree, lying at the foot of a cypress. At first, he sat down to write his own thoughts, or those of others; but at length, it is certain that he was in the fiercest fit of enthusiasm and extasy, when a very unexpected object wholly attracted his attention. Casting his eyes mechanically upon the little isolated house, he saw mademoiselle Victorina, Leontina's maid, come out of it. He was so seated as not to be seen; and Victorina, young and agile, disappeared like a flash of lightning, pur-

fuing the road to Darmond's château.

The maid—Leontina's favourite—going out of a ſtrange houſe, in a clandeſtine manner, at five o'clock in the morning!—There needed no more to ſtir up the jealous Roſenthall, eſpecially as he was, though it has been forgotten to mention it, exceſſively curious. He deſcended the hill with precipitation, with the deſign of running after Victorina, and queſtioning her cloſely. He gained ſight of her at a diſtance, increaſed his pace, and was upon the point of overtaking her, when he deſcried a white paper on the the path. He ſtopped, and took it up. A fine lock of flaxen hair was faſtened to it. Roſenthall turned it, and read this ſuperſcription: *To Leontina, the well-beloved of my heart.*

"Great God!" cried Roſenthall,—

"and Melcy's hair is black! and this hair belongs to another!" Almoft fuffocated with rage, he could fay no more. He leaned againft a tree, and remained fixed more than ten minutes. At length, awakening from his ftupor, "I muft know this new rival," faid he, "this highly-favoured rival!" Saying thefe words, he turned about, and took the way to the houfe which Victorina had quitted. When he drew near it, he faw a large writing faftened on the door, ftating that it was to be let. He conceived that the unknown lover had availed himfelf of this circumftance, in order to conceal himfelf in Franconville, where this houfe was the only one uninhabited; and that, the better to cover the intrigue, the writing was ftill kept upon the door.

'Perceiving the handle of a bell, Rofenthall immediately rang. An old woman appeared, who ventured no farther than to half-open the door; when, putting out her head, fhe afked what he wanted. "To hire this houfe," replied Rofenthall.—"If you had read the writing," returned the old woman, "you would have feen that you muft apply at Paris, in the *Rue du Bouioi.*" No fooner had fhe uttered thefe words, than fhe fhut the door abruptly; and though Rofenthall rang and knocked without mercy, he obtained no farther fight of her, nor no fecond anfwer. Furious with difappointment, he at length withdrew.

On entering the château, he met Victorina, who was going out. There was forrow in her countenance, and fhe was evidently in fearch of fome-

thing ſhe had loſt. Roſenthall eaſily gueſſed the ſubject of her uneaſineſs; and he would have endeavoured to draw her into converſation, had not Darmond at that inſtant appeared, and, what was worſe, inſiſted on his going with him, to liſten to a tedious and confuſed narrative. As they walked up and down the garden, Darmond delivered, preciſely and ſlowly, a recital of more than an hour long. At length, ſeeing him take the path to the houſe, Roſenthall thought himſelf releaſed; but Darmond carried him along with him, ſaying: "Since I ſee, by the attention with which you have liſtened to me, that this affair intereſts you, I muſt take you into my ſtudy, where I will read you a memoir that I have written upon the ſubject, and which will explain the whole to the very bottom."

Poor Rofenthall was obliged to follow Darmond into his ftudy, where, in a ftate of the utmoft diftraction, he heard the memoir, and from which he did not recover his liberty till nine o'clock. On defcending the ftaircafe, he met Victorina, who informed him, with an air of myftery, that Leontina, who had juft rifen, fuffered but little from her arm, and wifhed to fpeak with him for a moment in the garden. Rofenthall, greatly difturbed, fled thither inftantly. As foon as Leontina perceived him, fhe advanced with an agitated air, faying, "I loft at Taverny a bracelet which I valued much. I did not difcover it till I went to bed; and I fent to inquire after it of madame de ***, who has written me word, that fhe has looked for it in vain: have you not got it?"

"Yes, madam," replied Rofenthall, in a cold and fevere tone; "calm yourfelf;—here it is."

At thefe words, Leontina's countenance was filled with joy. She took the bracelet, and, after looking at it, returned it to Rofenthall: "Keep it," faid fhe; "do not touch it; within a few days I will open it in your prefence, and you will fee what it contains."

Rofenthall, filled with aftonifhment, hefitated to receive the bracelet again; but Leontina defired it, and he obeyed. "I have another reftitution to make to you," faid he, accompanying his words with the bittereft fmile.

"What?" faid Leontina.

"I found, on the highway," replied Rofenthall, "this lock of *flaxen hair*, with an infcription; read it,

madam," continued he, in a terrible and imperative tone of voice.

Leontina caſt her eyes upon the paper, grew pale, and trembled. Her ſurprize equalled her perturbation; for Victorina had not yet ventured to betray her careleſſneſs. Roſenthall, alarmed at the ſtate in which he ſaw Leontina, inſtantly aſſured her that he would maintain an inviolable ſilence on the ſubject of this adventure. Leontina, at all times pale and delicate, was ready to faint. Roſenthall ſupported her in his arms, and preſſed her to his boſom: "Why this terror," cried he; "whatever may be my ſentiments, can you fear my honour?" Saying theſe words he placed her on a ſeat of turf. Leontina was, for a moment, ſilent. At length ſhe took the lock of hair and the paper; read over again the words that were,

written, and looking stedfastly on Rosenthall, with eyes filled with tears, "Do you believe it, Rosenthall?" said she.

Oh! the power of a look!—whoso is acquainted with love, knows it! whoso is acquainted with love, will believe that Rosenthall, notwithstanding his anger and his jealousy, notwithstanding the evidence before him, returned into a state of doubt; and that he exclaimed, "I despise all these mysterious testimonies; they are false, because they accuse *you*: Yes, Leontina; I will believe only *you!*" He held Leontina's hand; he pressed it in his own; he beheld the sweetest tears fall from her eyes.——In that instant, Melcy appeared at a distance. Leontina blushed, and hastily put into her pocket the lock of hair and the paper. Rosenthall arose, and withdrew.

As ſoon as Roſenthall had loſt ſight of Leontina, all his ſuſpicions returned, and theſe were ſoon followed by a conviction, that Leontina was actually engaged in a criminal intrigue. How otherwiſe were to be interpreted, her ſhock, her deadly terror, her ſilence? Would ſhe not have juſtified herſelf, if ſhe had been able? Were not her tears and her confuſion the moſt complete confeſſion of her error?—But on the other hand, *that look*, that pathetic queſtion, put in ſo artleſs a tone: *Do you believe it?*—What ſhould he think?

Roſenthall had loſt and confounded himſelf amid theſe contradictory reflections, when he was informed that breakfaſt waited. He found Leontina thoughtful and abſent. Melcy ſaid that he ſhould go to Paris, and not return before the next day. As ſoon as poſſible, he ſet off. Leontina appeared extreme-

ly uneaſy, and retired to her chamber. That day, there came a large party to dinner. Leontina returned into the ſaloon; but ſhe went out repeatedly, called Victorina, retired to her chamber, and returned only with a viſage of ſorrow and diſtreſs. She complained much of her arm; but Roſenthall obſerved her too cloſely, to be deceived by the pretence. He ſaw clearly, that ſhe was deeply affected by a moral cauſe. He reſolved to watch all proceedings; and, in the evening, he diſcovered, by the aſſiſtance of his valet, that Victorina had gone out of the château repeatedly; returned out of breath, ſpoke with her miſtreſs, and gone out again. The day had paſſed in this manner. Roſenthall cauſed Victorina to be followed; and he became aſſured, that ſhe went no where but to the little iſolated houſe. Deſirous to arrive at a complete

explanation, he redoubled his vigilance. All the company withdrew at eight o'clock. He remarked, that Leontina, more difturbed than ever, endeavoured to engage him in a plan of going early to bed, by propofing, both to him and her father, a walk, at an early hour the next morning. Darmond always retired at eleven o'clock; and Leontina, to haften him that night, retired at ten.

Rofenthall, perfuaded that Leontina intended to receive a fecret vifit, or to make one, did not go to bed at all. Wrapped in a large mantle, and holding his fword under his arm, he went into the court into which Leontina's windows looked, and feated himfelf oppofite to them, on a bench of ftone. The night was exceedingly dark. Till half paft eleven o'clock, he faw a light in Leontina's chamber; but at this hour, it difappeared. He remained a quarter of

an hour longer, when, hearing nothing in motion, he rose to retire; but, at this instant, a door within side the house was opened. He stopped, and in a few minutes, he saw two persons come down into the court, one of whom carried a dark lantern. Entertaining no doubt that Leontina and Victorina were going to the house under the hill, he resolved to hasten thither before them. He withdrew without noise from the court; entered the garden, which opened upon the fields; unlocked a little door, of which he had the key; and arrived at the house with the utmost expedition. There was a sort of portico, supported by two rustic columns, which enabled him to stand near the door, without any considerable danger of being seen. In about a quarter of an hour, he saw the dark lantern approach.

At the distance of ten paces from the

houſe, the perſons ſtopped, and he heard theſe words: "Now, give me the lantern: go; and, in two hours, come to me again." Victorina went back. Leontina approached, took a key from her pocket, opened the door, and entered. Roſenthall ſtole along behind her; and finding that, through agitation, ſhe had advanced ſome paces without ſhutting the door, he followed her into the houſe. He was in a kind of gallery; and, on feeling about to the right hand, he diſcovered the receſs of a door, in which he concealed himſelf. In the mean time, Leontina called Marian; and Marian arriving, ſhut the houſe-door. Leontina whiſpered ſeveral queſtions to Marian, which Roſenthall was unable to overhear; but, ſuddenly, Leontina exclaimed: "Ah! here he is!" and his ſurpriſe was extreme, when he recognized the voice of Melcy, who ſaid, in the

moſt afflicted manner; "O, dear Leontina, arm yourſelf with courage!" Leontina replied only by ſobs.

Marian was directed to go before, with the lantern, and Leontina and Melcy followed ſlowly. Roſenthall, in amazement, followed too; and the perfect darkneſs in which he was enveloped, aſſiſted his attempt. At the end of forty paces, the party turned to the left, and entered another gallery, equally dark. Leontina and Melcy wept continually. They reached the foot of a ſtair-caſe, which they aſcended. Roſenthall, afraid of betraying himſelf, remained below; but he ſaw Leontina, Melcy, and Marian, go to the top. He heard the doors ſhut; and this was followed by a dead ſilence. Now, in ſpite of the profound darkneſs, he ventured to aſcend. He felt on all ſides; and having diſcovered a door, he fixed himſelf there, and ap-

plied an attentive and inquisitive ear to the key-hole. A moment had not passed, before he heard violent shrieks, as of women. Struck with horror, he drew his sword, and knocked at the door, attempting even to force it; but no notice was taken from within. The cries ceased for a moment; but were renewed with redoubled force, and the most piteous accents of pain. Rosenthall, distracted by what he heard, again vainly endeavoured to break in. Exhausted by his efforts, and by the alarm he underwent, he fell on his knees, against the wall. His blood flowed furiously into his head, and caused him excessive pain; but this was a little relieved by a bleeding at the nose. Meanwhile, a frightful silence succeeded to the lamentable cries. Rosenthall had no longer strength to knock, or to call. A cold sweat covered his body; and the loss of blood contributed

to increase his weakness. He was almost in a swoon, when he heard feet on the other side of the door. He listened, and with what sensations did he hear the voice of Melcy, who, in tears, and interrupted with sobs, pronounced these terrible words: "Well!—is she dead?" "Yes," replied a strange voice; "she is dead."—Rosenthall fainted.

On returning to his senses, he found himself on a sofa, in an unknown chamber. A person behind him, whom he did not see, supported his head. Melcy was on his knees, at his side. "Leontina!" cried he, with a distracted air, "What is become of Leontina?"

"You are in her arms," replied Melcy.

Rosenthall looked round, and beheld in reality, the adored face of Leontina, half covered with her disordered hair, and bathed in tears. He saw in her

looks, the expreſſion of the livelieſt tenderneſs, and he returned to life. A river of tears fell from his eyes.

"Ah! Roſenthall," ſaid Melcy, "the alarm you have given us, has certainly exceeded that which you have experienced! Figure to yourſelf, if you can, what we muſt have felt, when, on going out of this chamber, we found you, extended on the floor, immerſed in your blood, and your naked and bloody ſword lying near!"

"Ah!" cried Leontina, "I cannot imagine how I bore the ſight, and lived!"

Pierced to the ſoul by theſe words, Roſenthall looked at Leontina, without power to articulate a word. His feelings and his aſtoniſhment ſuſpended all the faculties of his ſoul. At length, turning to Melcy, "But where am I?" ſaid he; "What has happened? What crime has been committed here? Who

is the unfortunate victim that is no more?"

"My dear Rosenthall, you will know all in a few days. It is two o'clock in the morning. We must return to the château, in order to be there before it is light. All that I can tell you is, our hands are as pure as our souls.—But come, let us lose no time."

Rosenthall arose. Leontina gave him her arm. He leaned on that of Melcy. In this manner, they went out. At the bottom of the stair-case, they found Victorina, with a dark lantern. Melcy conducted them beyond the village; then turned back, the way they had come, saying, that he would be at the château in the morning. Leontina and Rosenthall regained their apartments, without being discovered; and Leontina, before she parted with Rosenthall, addressed him thus: "Sleep soundly, Rosenthall:

very ſoon, you will underſtand Leontina."

Notwithſtanding this aſſurance, Roſenthall, whoſe imagination could not throw off the recollection of the extraordinary things that had paſſed; who could not forget the *victim*, whoſe cries he had heard, and who it had been ſaid, was dead; who, in ſhort, could not unravel the deep myſtery of the whole adventure; remained perſuaded, that a ſpirit of atrocious vengeance had ſacrificed its object on that diſmal night. He did not believe either Leontina or Melcy capable of a crime; but a crime, he doubted not, had been committed. Farther, Leontina and Melcy were engaged in a dark intrigue; and he concluded, that they had only deferred the explanation of this ſurprizing ſcene, for the ſake of gaining time to invent a plauſible tale. A moment after, calling

to mind, the lock of flaxen hair, ſent from that very houſe, he was tempted to believe, that Melcy had killed his rival; but the cries were thoſe of a woman; it was ſaid, "*She* is dead."—Leontina had entered the houſe in tears; ſhe expected, therefore, ſome terrible cataſtrophe. Melcy, ſobbing, had exhorted her to "arm herſelf with courage." How were theſe ſtrange facts to be explained?

After a thouſand reflections, Roſenthall came to a firm reſolution to leave Franconville within two days. He felt, that the recollection of Leontina would long caſt a cloud over his life, and cut him off for ever from all other paſſionate attachment; but the idea of ſeeing her united in a few days with Melcy, racked his ſoul; and the ſuſpicions which he could not drive from his mind, notwithſtanding his aſſurance that he was

beloved, completed the odiousness of his abode at Franconville. At ten o'clock in the morning, Melcy entered his chamber; and Rosenthall, without preamble, declared his intention of departing speedily. He interrupted the first words that Melcy uttered, in attempting to dissuade him from his plan, by saying: "My dear Melcy! with the understanding you possess, it is impossible that you have not penetrated the reasons that render me desirous to go; but if you still hesitate to believe, if the curiosity that tempted me this night to be a spy upon Leontina, have not sufficiently convinced you, listen to what I am about to say: I will now speak without the least reservation. I am your rival; I love Leontina to distraction; I will no longer answer for myself. I must either go, or declare my sentiments with all the ardour of a violent passion, repressed

and concentrated these two months, in the bottom of my heart." To this declaration, Melcy replied, by falling on his neck; and, after repeated embraces, he left the room, with an air of the most triumphant joy.

Rosenthall, stupified by this unexpected conduct, stood in the middle of his chamber, like a statue. "They will turn my brain!" cried he.—"Leontina! Melcy! what strange, what incomprehensible beings!"

In a quarter of an hour, Melcy returned: "Dear Rosenthall," said he, "Darmond is gone to Paris, and will not return till dinner. Leontina, who is alone in the saloon, waits for us. We can talk at our ease: come:" Rosenthall followed Melcy.

Leontina was making tea. She was pale; and had evidently suffered much, and slept little: nevertheless, her man-

ner was tender and ſerene. To the eyes of Roſenthall, ſhe had never appeared more charming. After breakfaſt, the ſervants were diſmiſſed, and the doors ſhut. Each of the three, looked at the others in ſilence; and Leontina ſmiled, in tears.

"Well!" ſaid Roſenthall, "will you ceaſe to torment me, to make a ſport of my conjectures, to confound all my ideas?—I have told my *ſecret* (for I have but *one*) to Melcy; will you, at laſt, open yours to me?

"Yes, Roſenthall," ſaid Leontina; "You are about to know all. Have you my bracelet of blue ribbon about you?"

"Yes, it is in my pocket-book: here it is."

"Open it," replied Leontina, giving him a pair of ſciſſars, and bluſhing.

Roſenthall, in great emotion, cut,

with a trembling hand, the little bag; but what was his aſtoniſhment, when he found within it, the dry leaves of the *tuberoſe*, with a ſmall piece of blue ſatin, on which were worked, in gold, theſe two names:

Roſenthall and Leontina.

There was nothing doubtful in this diſcovery. It was, at once, the ſweeteſt acknowledgement, and the moſt convincing teſtimony, of a ſentiment as delicate, as tender and impaſſioned. Roſenthall, tranſported, fell at the feet of Leontina, who hid her face with both her hands. Melcy, ſeizing one of them, diſcovered that face, lovely as it was, and rendered heavenly by the two colours of modeſty, united with the expreſſion of the deepeſt ſenſibility.

Lifting her eyes on the happy Roſenthall, "Do you not think," ſaid ſhe, "that Melcy is a rival of a ſingular deſ-

cription? But it is to him," she continued, "that you must now listen. Sit down; and be informed, at length, of our situation, and of all our secrets:

Rosenthall obeyed; and Melcy began to speak: "My dear Rosenthall," said he, "a single word will explain much: I am not your rival."——

"You do not love Leontina? You, to whom her hand is given? Is it possible?"

"Yes: I was never her lover; but this incomparable friend is not, therefore, the less dear to me. Her happiness will always be one of the most ardent desires of my life. You shall be enabled to judge, whether I ought to feel thus: listen to her history, and mine:

"I am six years older than Leontina. I knew her, and remember her, an infant. We were brought up together, on an estate at a distance from Paris. I

loved Leontina as a ſiſter; and this firſt ſentiment of my heart grew ſtronger as I ſaw the gradual developement of her charming character. I was fifteen years old, when my uncle went to the colonies. He diſcloſed to me a deſign, formed between Darmond and himſelf, one day to unite my lot with that of Leontina. I received it with tranſport. The thought, rendered Leontina more dear to me than ever. Some years after, the revolution, and the war, obliged me to ſeparate from Leontina. She was only twelve years old. Before I left her for ſo long a period as was now threatened, I informed her, in the preſence of her father, of the deſign of our families. She received this information with the artleſs ſimplicity of innocence. Though ſhe was ſtill too much a child to inſpire love, I loved her, nevertheleſs, ſufficiently to feel an inexpreſſible charm in

thus devoting to her my life. I admired her as the moſt lovely of children; I eaſily foreſaw what ſhe would one day be; and I adored, in anticipation of the future. I departed. I joined the army. The peace with Pruſſia reſtored me, after four years abſence, to my country. I always maintained a correſpondence with Leontina. Her letters promiſed and teſtified the moſt tender friendſhip. Abſence, far from cooling, exalted my affection for her. At her age, time can only embelliſh. I was to ſee her growth. I was to ſee her at ſixteen. I burnt with deſire to reach her. A ſomewhat dangerous wound, which I had received in the ſhoulder, re-opened, and I was obliged to ſtop at Châlons. The next day, finding myſelf a little better, I walked out, to try my ſtrength. I ſaw a great buſtle in the ſtreet. An immenſe crowd was gathered before a houſe.

I inquired the cauſe, and found that an emigrant, who had imprudently returned, was being arreſted. In a few minutes, I ſaw a young lady, of the moſt raviſhing beauty, torn from the houſe, by vile officers of the police, and dragged along by theſe wretches, with the moſt revolting brutality. She was pale; but her deportment preſerved a gentle, modeſt, and ſtriking dignity. Her eyes met mine; ſhe looked with emotion; ſhe ſeemed to implore my aſſiſtance; and I ſwore to ſave her. I had heard her name; and I advanced to the ruffians: 'Stop!' cried I to them, 'Stop! I know mademoiſelle Mauny, and I will be reſponſible for her.' They would not liſten to me; but the unfortunate victim thanked me by a look of tenderneſs; and I ſaw her tears flow; her terror had not deprived her of theſe! 'Be at eaſe,' cried I; 'I ſwear to periſh, or to ſave

you.' 'I flew to the municipality. I was a soldier, and powerfully protected by my superior officers. I spoke with warmth, with boldness, in favour of the innocent prisoner. 'What right have you to claim her?' I was asked: 'Is she your mistress, or your wife?' I felt, that artifice was absolutely necessary; and, without thinking to engage myself, I replied that she had my promise of marriage. The magistrates appeared to doubt me. They said, this trick was not new. I protested that I was sincere. 'Well,' said one of the magistrates, 'you are going away the day after to-morrow. Go to the prison, to-morrow morning, at day-break; marry her in our presence; and, for your sake, we will grant her life and liberty.' I changed colour. I stammered. I said, at length, that my relations having other views for me, I could not marry

her for ſome years. Their reply was, in theſe terrible words: 'If you do not marry her to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock ſhe goes to the ſcaffold.' 'She ſhall be my wife to-morrow,' cried I; 'but grant me only that it may remain a ſecret; give me time to prepare my family.' I went out diſtracted; I did not go to bed; but I perſiſted in my reſolution. At day-break, I went to the municipality. I obtained the order neceſſary for my admiſſion into the priſon. I cauſed the door of the cell in which innocence was captive, to be opened. I entered, and was alone with mademoiſelle Mauny. She burſt into joy, on ſeeing me.—'The moments are precious,' ſaid I: 'anſwer me, are you diſengaged?'—'Yes, I am.'—'You can ſave yourſelf, only by giving your hand to me. They are coming: ſay, that we have been long

enaged.'—' O my generous benefactor!' cried ſhe, ' you ſhould firſt know, that I poſſeſs nothing in the world. My relations have emigrated; and all their property has been ſold.'—' So much the better; my conduct will have all the purity of its motives.' As I uttered theſe words, mademoiſelle Mauny, bathed in tears, threw herſelf at my feet, claſping my knees in her arms: ' O thou!' ſaid ſhe, ' whoſe name I know not! beneficent angel! thou, whom I would chooſe, were I ſeated on the throne of the world! I give thee the offering moſt precious, in the ſight of the Divinity itſelf; a heart impreſſed with gratitude, a pure heart, a heart never ſullied, never agitated, by the paſſions!—but thou, (gracious heaven!) not thou one day repent thee, of the ſublime ſacrifice that thou ſhalt have made to pity?'

"The latter words ſtrongly called to my recollection the dear engagement I lay under. I felt myſelf cruelly ſituated, and I replied, with a ſort of ſeverity, 'The affair is yours, not mine. The buſineſs is, to ſave you.' The officers entered while I ſaid this. They led us to the municipality, and there I eſpouſed mademoiſelle Mauny, who learned my name only when ſhe gave me her hand.

"After the ceremony, I conducted her to my reſidence. I was ſcarcely in my ſenſes. When we were alone, I threw myſelf on a chair, and fixed my eyes, in a bewildered manner, on my new wife. She regarded me with a ſort of alarm, and breathing a deep ſigh, 'Religion,' ſhe ſaid, 'has not ſanctified this extravagant union. The caprice of a few petty tyrants cannot bind you. Aſſiſt me in eſcaping from France; we will both proteſt againſt the ſpecies of

violence that has been exercifed upon you, and you will be free.'

"The firmnefs and dignity with which fhe fpoke thefe words, awakened me from my lethargy. Her youth and beauty melted me. 'It is true,' faid I, 'I have an engagement made in my infancy. I had promifed my hand; but I have given it to you, and to you it belongs.'—'Do you love her whom you fhould have married?'—'She was only twelve years old when I left her.'—'And I am feventeen.'—This reply, made with equal fentiment and ingenuoufnefs, completed my deftiny. I fell at the knees of my wife, our tears mingled together, and my heart ratified the oath which compaffion only had drawn forth. I found in Bathilda (this is my wife's name), all that could rivet a foul like mine; a fufceptible and generous heart, a judgment the moft cor-

rect and delicate. In short, fate, which has robbed me of Leontina, could only make me amends by giving Bathilda. I informed her of my situation. I did not conceal, that having no fortune of my own, I was wholly dependant on my uncle. I added, that it would be necessary to conceal our marriage till my uncle's return, or, at least, till I had taken time to reflect on the method of informing him of the event. Bathilda entered into my reasons, and promised to submit to all I required. We left Châlons separately, but we arrived at Paris oget her; and Bathilda, under her unmarried name, was lodged in an obscure suburb, where she boarded with an elderly woman.

"I beheld Leontina again. The reception she gave me, was that of innocence and friendship, and she affected, without embarrassing me; but Darmond re-

ceived me like a ſon-in-law, and the moſt poignant remorſe wounded my heart. At length, I opened that heart, ſo afflicted to its core, to the generous Leontina. How ſhall I paint the ſublime ſenſibility ſhe diſplayed?—' Dear Melcy,' ſaid ſhe, ' this ſweet Bathilda ſhall be my ſiſter. I know not what ſentiment I ſhould have entertained for you, if you had not known her; but I now experience only that, which was the delight of our happy childhood. Your new connection, ſo laudable in my apprehenſion, has fixed this ſentiment in all its purity. Melcy is my brother for ever. I can ſee in his wife, only the deareſt of friends. Keep your ſecret. Wait for the return of your uncle, before you diſcloſe it. Do not inform my father. He would be irritated by the news. Give time for the arrival of more favourable circumſtances.'

I followed the advice of this incomparable friend. She wished to be acquainted with Bathilda. She saw her privately; and these two women, the models of their sex, soon entertained the warmest friendship for each other. It was at this time, that the execrable Robespierre received the just chastisement of his crimes. This event, determined my uncle to return without delay. He wrote, to inform us of his leaving the colonies. He took ship, and was made a prisoner by the English: and, precisely at that period, Darmond, in consequence of a calumnious denunciation, was arrested and carried to the Temple. A few days afterwards, you, yourself, my dear Rosenthall, was carried thither also. I was absent at the beginning of this period. On my return, Leontina spoke of you with an interest by which I was surprized. 'Re-

member Leontina,' ſaid I, ſmiling, 'that this young man is a foreigner.'—'Yes,' replied ſhe, 'but I have heard him ſay, that he is his own maſter, that no tie binds him to his native country, and that he is reſolved to eſtabliſh himſelf where his heart ſhall fix.' After this converſation, I went to one of my friends, a banker, who wrote into Germany for information reſpecting the young count of Roſenthall, who ſo ſtrongly intereſted Leontina. You left your priſon; you came here; and Leontina very ſoon revealed to me the ſecret, with which I was already well acquainted. Leontina's having made a choice for herſelf, releaſed me from much embarraſſment; but her happineſs was not leſs important to me than my own, and I reſolved to employ all the power which friendſhip gave me, to induce her to behave with perfect pru-

dence. I immediately requested of her, that she should suffer herself to be guided by me; and she gave me her word. I received answers from Germany, concerning you, and every one contained the strongest panegyrics on your manners and character. I showed these letters to Leontina, who read them with an air of triumph. 'These testimonies,' said I, 'give me much pleasure; but it is not enough that Leontina's husband be a man of good habits and probity, he must also be generous, delicate, and susceptible. That he loves you, we see; but this is not all: I could wish that he should suspect your partiality for him, and that he should not hesitate to sacrifice hope and love, to gratitude, to friendship, to the confidence, in short, which is shown him by Darmond and myself. If he is really virtuous, he will soon be desirous to leave us."——

"But we kept you," interrupted Leontina, with eagerneſs.

"You ſee, now," reſumed Melcy, "the explanation of the ſuppoſed inconſiſtencies, that have cauſed you much uneaſineſs. You muſt, now, be aware, that I did not exaggerate, when I ſpoke of Leontina with enthuſiaſm. You might eaſily deceive yourſelf reſpecting the ſentiment which dictated to my tongue; ſo ſtrongly, at our age, do admiration and friendſhip reſemble love! and to a ſuſceptible heart, is not gratitude itſelf a paſſion? Leontina ſought me, to talk of you; I talked to her of Bathilda. It was this mutual communicativeneſs, that rendered our meetings ſo ſweet, ſo animated. She joined the inexhauſtible intereſt of love, to the delicious charm of confidence and friendſhip. In obſerving us, you have often ſeen upon Leontina's countenance, the

expreſſion of ardent ſentiment; but this was when ſhe pronounced your name; and you was jealous of that which confirmed your happineſs. Leontina, on her part, feared, while ſhe enjoyed, your love. She was fond of ſeeing you; but ſhe always trembled leſt you ſhould have the weakneſs to declare yourſelf. When ſhe ſought to try you, when ſhe endeavoured to make you break your ſilence, it was always with anxiety and fearfulneſs; and when ſhe ſaw you combat with your ſentiments, when you ſpoke with coldneſs and ſeverity, and when you was deſirous of leaving her, you attached her to you by all the adamantine links of eſteem. Neverthe leſs, with me, ſhe often ſhuddered at the extravagant part ſhe was acting; but I was deſirous to puſh the probe to the bottom; and I encouraged Leontina, affecting to laugh at the

tender compaſſion with which ſhe was filled by your ſufferings, and repreſenting to her, how eaſily her juſtification might be made, and how happily the plot would be unravelled.

"We have been very uneaſy during a few days paſt, becauſe my uncle's letters announced his ſpeedy return, and more eſpecially, becauſe my wife was about to become a mother. I reſolved to fix her in the houſe at the extremity of the village, which was to be let; and this gave occaſion to thoſe meſſages to and from Leontina, which raiſed ſo ſtrong ſuſpicions in your mind."

"And the lock of hair," interrupted Roſenthall, "was Bathilda's?"

"Exactly," replied Leontina; "ſhe had written to me, on the preceding evening, that ſhe entertained a melancholy foreboding of her fate; wherefore I could not receive, without a

ſhock, that pathetic pledge of her friendſhip; beſides, I eaſily underſtood the horrible ſuſpicion raiſed in you by the incident. I had given my word to Melcy, not to inform you of any thing without his conſent; and, on that occaſion, I could not juſtify myſelf, without revealing a ſecret that was not my own. Nevertheleſs, it was inſupportable to me to appear vile in your eyes, were it only for a moment. This idea, gave me the moſt cruel uneaſineſs, and I believe I ſhould have ſpoken, had not Melcy appeared. Melcy pretended to go to Paris, but was ſhut up in the houſe under the hill. During the whole day, I thought of nothing but Bathilda. The meſſages which I received, grew diſtreſſing. Bathilda wiſhing to ſee me, I reſolved to go as ſoon as my father had retired. In a word, I went to her at midnight. I found her

in the most dreadful situation; but, in about an hour, she gave birth to a little girl, who lived only a few minutes. It was the death of this infant, announced to Melcy by the surgeon, that occasioned the error by which you was so much terrified. But how can I describe the alarm, the despair (I venture to acknowledge it), that overwhelmed me, on going out of Bathilda's chamber. Marian, who held the light, going before us, opened the door that leads to the stair case, and instantly exclaimed—'A murdered man!'—She started back; and, the door being open, we saw you bleeding, extended, motionless; your mantle torn aside; and your naked sword lying near you! I fell on my knees, and supported your head. Motionless and cold, like yourself, I could not weep; a frightful consternation stopped the current of my tears; but the vague

hope of recalling you to life, endued me with ſupernatural ſtrength. Melcy, diſtracted, bade Marian ſeek for the ſurgeon. She took the light with her, and left us in perfect darkneſs. In the fear of alarming Bathilda, we dared not call her back. This was a moment of inexpreſſible horrour. 'Unfortunate Roſenthall!' ſaid Melcy, in a broken voice. At the ſound of your name, I trembled; for Melcy's plaintive tone ſeemed a confirmation of your death. My heart was broke; but the conſciouſneſs that I ſhould not ſurvive you, furniſhed me with the melancholy reſignation of deſpair. I tranquillized myſelf with the thought, that for every thing that regarded me, the world was drawing to an end; and addreſſing myſelf to you, 'Unfortunate man,' I ſaid, 'it was my ſilence that deſtroyed you! it was jealouſy that led you to this fatal

house! it was jealousy that impelled you to follow my steps! and I, also, shall follow you!'—At this moment, Melcy exclaimed: 'I feel his heart beat!' I extended my arms to Melcy. He that pronounced these words, seemed to me a saviour.' We embraced you. A deluge of tears, relieved the oppression of my soul. The surgeon returned, and after having examined you, declared you not to be wounded. We carried you into the saloon—you know the rest.—Now, if I could tell my father, that you promised to settle in France, I should be certain of his consent."

At the height of all his wishes, Rosenthall no sooner heard these words, than he vowed, with transport, to adopt France for his country. He lavished on Melcy, every eloquent expression, that gratitude and friendship could

inſpire. He was beſide himſelf, with good fortune and joy. He ſaw the lovely Leontina perfectly happy.

It was agreed, that Melcy, availing of the misfortune by which he had loſt his child, ſhould ſtill conceal his marriage from his uncle; and that Leontina ſhould inform him of her ſentiments towards Roſenthall, after having avowed them to her father. All was executed ſucceſsfully. Darmond, who deſired nothing but the welfare of his daughter, would have been much hurt, if Melcy had withdrawn his word; but Leontina making another choice, ſhe had no difficulty in obtaining his approval of an amiable ſon-in-law, rich, and of diſtinguiſhed rank. Darmond pitied Melcy, to whom Leontina and Roſenthall imputed great merit in reſigning his pretentions. Melcy's uncle, ſulked with Darmond, was in a paſſion with Leontina, and ſympathized with his nephew.

Leontina married Rosenthall; and, a few months after, Melcy, beloved by his uncle, and better acquainted with the indulgence and benevolence of his character, led the beautiful Bathilda into his arms, and related her history. The good uncle wept, admired the ways of Providence, thought his niece an angel, and blessed the marriage. The happiness of Bathilda and Melcy, crowned that of Leontina and Rosenthall; and the two couples, living in one neighbourhood, enjoy a felicity, that, formed as it is by virtue, by love, and by friendship, will, doubtlessly, be as lasting as it is pure.

[illegible]

[illegible] of Boethius and [illegible], and the [illegible] our company, living in our neighbour-hood, after a fancy, that, formed in [illegible] it is by virtue, by love, and by friend-ship, [illegible] that the [illegible] is [illegible]

[illegible] not experienced any particular [illegible]

[illegible]

DESTINY,

OR,

THE UNFORTUNATE;

BEING

THE MEMOIRS OF AN EMIGRANT,

INTERSPERSED WITH

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

My adventures have nothing remarkable in them, there is nothing of the romantic in my compoſition, my mind is of the common ſtamp, and I have not experienced any particular reverſes of fortune; I have never hidden my ſelf in *caves*, neither have I ever been violently perſecuted, nor have I ſuf-

fered any rigorous profecutions; I have never been forced to put on the difguife of an *old man*, nor have I ever been preferved by the dexterous contrivance and affection of any heroine. —The events of my life have been unimportant, very fimple, and fuch as have happened to other people. I have loft my whole fortune, am a wanderer, and am profcribed, and that's all; but I pretend to nothing more than what I am: mine is a plain tale; I fpeak of myfelf it is true, but with no overbearing vanity; I hate no one; I have no fpleen, no refentment. With fuch a character it has ftruck me that I fhould write in a manner entirely new, and this idea induces me to publifh an account of myfelf, with the hope that the originality of my fentiments will compenfate for the want of intereft in my adventures.

I was born in Bretagne on the 23d of January, 1765. My father, the baron of Kerkalis, had but one favourite pursuit, which was agriculture; and only one occupation, which was improving uncultivated spots of land. Fortune had wisely placed him in a country abounding in waste lands—he bought some extensive tracts of heath, and cultivated them with success, by which he got a great deal of money in an honourable way, and left me a considerable fortune. He died some months after the revolution. I was not of an ambitious turn, but the respect in which I held my father's memory, induced me to conceive that I was under an obligation to imitate the example he had set me; and I, like him, bought some sands in order to improve them. I had neither knowledge nor talents for this business in

that eminent degree my father poſſeſſed them, nevertheleſs Providence bleſſed my labours, and I already began to reap the fruits of them, when the death of an uncle I had at Bourdeaux forced me to go thither in order to get together his effects. When I came there, however, I learnt that the nation had ſeized every thing that belonged to him, under a pretence of his having, as it was ſaid, been engaged in a conſpiracy ſome little time before his death, the proofs of which were declared to have been found among his papers. In vain did I object that my uncle died of a paralytic diſorder, which had deprived him of all his intellectual faculties during the three laſt years of his life; I was anſwered, that there was certain information of his having carried on a criminal correſpondence with Mr. Pitt

and Monf. Cobourg; and thus it was that I loft this wealthy inheritance. In fpite of this misfortune, I did not find this expedition altogether fruitlefs, as my journey (the firft I ever took in my life) brought me acquainted with the heaths of Bourdeaux. I was greatly aftonifhed that my uncle had never mentioned them in his letters, and I conceived the defign of writing a very circumftantial memoir upon the improvement of thefe vaft deferts. Meanwhile I returned into my own country, where a very unforefeen piece of bad fortune awaited me. My whole eftate had juft been confifcated, becaufe my journey had been confidered as an act of emigration; and notwithftanding all I could fay, I was declared an emigrant in the moft pofitive manner, and threatened to be brought to the

ſcaffold; I was therefore forced to betake myſelf to flight. In this ſituation, my project with reſpect to the waſte lands of Bourdeaux came into my recollection, and without any more ado I meaſured back my way into Gaſcony. As ſoon as I found myſelf in this fine country, my firſt concern was to go and viſit the wilds; I penetrated into the midſt of theſe neglected tracts of land, and contemplated their immenſe extent with a degree of pleaſure, as I reflected that it was perhaps reſerved for me to animate this barren ſolitude; inſtead of heath and thorns, which every where ſurrounded me, I pictured to myſelf fertile fields and all the varied views of cultivation—my fancy reared here and there hamlets and villages; I thought I beheld my riſing colony ſpreading about me with

proſperous toil, labouring with happy ardour, and pouring at once riches and bleſſings into my boſom.

So great indeed was the enchantment of theſe rambles and reveries, that I frequently loſt myſelf amid theſe uninhabited ſpots; and often have I, when night has overtaken me, been obliged to wait there the return of day. At length I reſolved to make ſome trifling experiments before I ſhould preſent my plan of improvement to government. One morning, provided with a ſack filled with potatoes, I went to a particular ſpot of the wilds, where I had placed a ſpade and a mattock; but ſcarcely had I begun to work, when I was ſuddenly aſſailed by five or ſix men, who ſeizing me by the collar dragged me violently along, calling me a *villain and a counter-revolutioniſt.* 'Twas to no purpoſe that I aſſerted my

innocence; they would not liſten to me, and brought me before a tribunal, where I was ſharply interrogated, and was treated as a vile monopolizer; for I was accuſed of having buried ſome gold coin and a great quantity of proviſions, with the double deſign of bringing down the value of aſſignats and ſtarving the people. I anſwered with my natural ſincerity, and my juſtification appeared ſo abſurd, as frequently to raiſe the laughter of thoſe who heard it; nevertheleſs they were ſtruck with the ſimplicity of my manners, and concluding that I was a fool baniſhed me from France, telling me, at the ſame time, that I ought to look upon myſelf as a very lucky fellow at having got off ſo well.

Some of my friends feeling for my diſtreſs, generouſly gave me bills of exchange upon a banker at Bâle, and

with a heavy heart I journeyed towards Switzerland. I did not ſtay at Bâle longer than was required to take up a hundred louis, which was the amount of my bills of exchange. This money I put in a girdle concealed under my clothes, and went forward on foot into the ſmall cantons. Here I met with a hoſpitable reception, and took up my reſidence in the canton of Schwitz, where I lived two months in a cottage. Every morning I climbed the mountains, and ſpent my time in gathering plants, examining the nature of the ſoil, and often, in the midſt of my meditations, I thought with bitter regret on the heaths of Bretagne, and the waſtes of Bourdeaux. As I was one day ſeated on a rock in deep cogitation, I was painfully rouzed, by ſo violent a ſhock of my body, that I at firſt thought my right

ſhoulder was broken; turning about, I perceived a number of the country people throwing ſtones at me; I roſe with haſte, and loſing no time in waiting for explanation ran off as faſt as I could—fright increaſed my ſpeed. I ſoon loſt ſight of my aſſailants and reached the middle of a wood, where, after my alarm had ſubſided, I reflected upon this adventure, not being able to conceive how, by the life I had led during my ſtay in the country, I could poſſibly have made ſo many furious and mortal enemies. In this wood I paſſed the greater part of the day, and in the evening when I returned to my cottage, I found my landlord in great agitation: as I began to comprehend a little of his language, he made me underſtand, that my ſolitary walks, my taſte for plants, and my continuing ſo long together at

a time among the mountains, had ſubjected me to the ſuſpicions of the country people, and that, in ſhort, it was the general opinion that I was a magician or a ſpy. I could not help admiring the variety of opinions among men. It appeared to me rather odd, that after having been ſolemnly adjudged to be a fool in France, I ſhould be driven out of this canton for being a conjurer; however, I e'en ſubmitted to the neceſſity of the caſe, and left my retirement with an intention of going to Zug. Having travelled about two leagues, I found myſelf upon the borders of the lake Laverzer; I rambled along its banks, admiring the beauty of the ſeveral points of view which the oppoſite ſhore preſented, and at the end of an hour's walk, ſtopped before a chapel built in honour of William Tell. I examined the paint-

ings in freſco which decorated the outſide of the walls, when a tall man of a very handſome perſon, habited in a brown gown, paſſed cloſe by me: the dreſs, which reſembled that of a monk, engaged my attention. He, looking earneſtly at me in his turn, ſaw I was a ſtranger, and ſpoke to me in French. As he ſpoke good French, I immediately perceived he was my countryman, and threw myſelf on his neck; he embraced me cordially, and after five minutes converſation, ſaid to me, "Do you not perceive beyond the lake that pretty ſmall iſland, ſituated directly oppoſite the chapel? Well, that is my retreat; thoſe ruins are the ſhattered remains of an old caſtle, once the habitation of the very tyrant from whoſe oppreſſion William Tell delivered his country. I have built my hermitage among the rubbiſh; ten years

have I lived in that solitude—if you are willing to share it with me, and are fond of retirement and peace, follow me*."

I obeyed with gratitude and delight; when the hermit going up to the bank, loosed a small boat which was fastened to a willow: and desired me to get in,

* This island is called the isle of *Schwanau*, and really contains the ruins of an ancient castle, which, as the story goes, formerly belonged to *Gresler*. On the other bank of the lake, opposite the island, is the monumental edifice described by M. de Kerkalis. It is also a fact, that the island has been inhabited during ten years by a French hermit, who in the younger part of his life had been valet-de-chambre to two personages, whose characters and misfortunes added a peculiar interest to their names, *M. d'Estaing* and *M. de Cossé*. The hermit, happier than those he served, had quitted his country and retired from the world before the revolution took place, nor has he any occasion to regret either, if the public prints should reach him.—*This Note was written in* 1795.

then taking the oars rowed forwards, and we landed in a few minutes.

The hermit, sole inhabitant of the isle, shewed me his possessions, which we looked all over in a quarter of an hour. In this place there were three ruinated towers, a hermitage covered with thatch, containing two pleasant small rooms, a little garden in very bad condition, a meadow of a tolerable size, six poplar trees, five elms, three firs, two chesnuts, the same number of nut trees, with a good many dwarf-fruit trees; the live stock consisted of a cow, four hens, and a dog. I took upon me to cultivate the garden, and in less than six weeks doubled the produce. In this spot I led a very happy life, and every day my regard for the hermit increased—the esteem became mutual. I never went beyond the island, was indefatigable in my toil,

and felt convinced, that let a man's ſituation be what and where it may, ſo long as he preſerves a feeling heart, a good conſcience, and has a ſmall ſpot of land to cultivate, he may be happy if he pleaſes. One day the hermit was indiſpoſed, and I was forced to go to the next village to procure our bread and water, inſtead of him; but as I could not ſpeak the jargon of the country very fluently, they ſoon found out that I was a Frenchman, and I therefore met with a very indifferent reception. It ſtruck me that I was again taken for a wizard, but in this I was very ſoon undeceived, for a much worſe opinion was formed of me than this amounted to; a general murmur ſpread around me, that according to all appearances I was one of the *aſſaſsins of the Swiſs guards.* The peaſants giving themſelves up to

these unfortunate conjectures, every now and then repeated these words, *tenth of August*: words of terrible import, which I did not then comprehend. I put a tolerably good face upon the matter, pretended not to understand what they said to me, and getting my business done as soon as possible, was, after all, fortunate enough to escape safe and sound from this perilous expedition. I informed the hermit of what had happened, and he explained the whole by telling me, that these villages suspected every Frenchman who had recently left France, to have been engaged in that bloody contest at Paris of the tenth of August, in which so many Swiss lost their lives. After learning this, I was fearful that if I remained any longer with the hermit, I should implicate him in danger; and notwithstanding

our mutual regret, I tore myſelf from this delightful retreat and went to Zug. Deſirous of huſbanding my hundred louis, and looking upon an obſcure condition as the happieſt, and, according to the times, the ſafeſt, I entered as a gardener into the employ of a Swiſs nobleman, who lived in a handſome country houſe about a mile from the town. His kitchen garden was ſpacious and in good condition; I was, however, much ſurprized to find in it only potatoes, five or ſix different kinds of a large pea, and ſome greens; but there was neither ſorrel, beet-root, melons, nor artichokes, although the ſoil appeared to me to be excellently ſuited to them. I ſoon diſcovered that all the other gardens in Zug, and its environs, were equally deficient in variety and proofs of induſtry: this diſcovery charmed me, for I had great

reason to flatter myself, that I should render the garden entrusted to my care superior to all the others; that I should also introduce fresh comforts among the inhabitants of the canton, and should become an oracle with all my brother gardeners. "Henceforward," I exclaimed, "my tranquillity will be no more disturbed; I may now be pretty confident, that so far from wishing to drive me out of the country, the natives will, e'er a year be expired, look upon me as their benefactor, and I shall enjoy among them, all those advantages which public gratitude can bestow upon a stranger."—Full of these satisfactory ideas, I exerted myself with equal attention and assiduity, in getting my new pursuits into a state of forwardness. While I was preparing them my master set out upon a long journey, and did not return till after

feven months. I employed the time of his abfence to advantage, working almoft day and night; but I mentioned to no one what I was about, for I counted greatly upon the furprize my labours would caufe when finifhed. All my efforts fucceeded as I could wifh, and I had in my garden, artichokes, melons, and feveral forts of garden ftuff, fuch as had never been feen before in Zug. About three hours before my mafter's arrival I, with great folemnity, fhewed my garden to feveral inhabitants and gardeners, whom I had invited, and who appeared perfectly aftonifhed when they faw my hot-beds and my new borders. They quitted me abruptly, and fent a croud of their fellow-peafants, who came to look at my performances. The curiofity they betrayed was the moft flattering compliment they could pay me,

and I highly enjoyed it. My maſter at length arrived; I conducted him immediately into the kitchen garden, but inſtead of teſtifying any of that joy and ſatisfaction which I looked for, he turned towards me, his eyes ſparkling with rage, and aſked me in a furious accent, who had ordered me to do *all thoſe fooliſh things?* which, he added, would only make his garden an object for plunder. Thus ſaying, he turned his back upon me and left me petrified with aſtoniſhment; however, this ſpeech ſeemed ſo abſurd in my opinion, that after a moment's reflection I did not doubt but that my maſter was drunk; I had often ſeen him in that ſtate, and ſuppoſed he muſt be ſo then. Alas! he was in his perfect ſenſes, and what he ſaid was true enough; for every peaſant in the canton, regarding all novelty as dangerous

innovation, ſcrupulouſly forbade it, ſuffering no one on any account to introduce it. My garden, which was encompaſſed only with a hedge, was during the night entirely deſtroyed, and in one hour the labour of ſeven months was completely overthrown. When at break of day I ſaw the havock that had been made, my new borders hoed up, my hot-beds pulled to pieces, my bell-glaſſes broken, my melons torn up by the roots, ſurprize and grief fixed me to the ſpot. I had long been acquainted with ſorrow, melancholy, and vexation, but at that inſtant I felt a pang ſtill more ſevere than I had ever done before. It was a new affliction; I felt diſcouraged, and this is a ſenſation which has all the effect of deſpair, in minds ſo placid and mild as mine. I had entered the garden with a watering pot, which I had ſtill

in my hand; but ſuch was the tremor I felt, that I could ſcarcely hold it, and the water poured from the ſpout without my perceiving it, whilſt my tears flowed in bitter abundance. At length, ſtarting from this ſtupor of miſery, I threw the now uſeleſs watering pot from me, and ruſhing out of the garden left the houſe. I wandered without regarding whither I went; by degrees, however, I grew calm, when turning back, without thinking what I was doing, I found myſelf, at the end of three quarters of an hour, upon the banks of the lake, and raiſing my eyes perceived, about twenty paces from me, the flouriſhing white thorn hedge of my garden! I ſhuddered at a ſight which renewed my wretchedneſs, and turned myſelf ſuddenly round; at that inſtant, two boatmen came by. I followed them; they con-

ſented to take me into their boat, and carried me to Arth, where I paſſed the night. In the morning of the next day, having recollected that I had a recommendatory letter to a perſon in Lucerne, I bent my ſteps towards that place. Here I ſaw a great number of emigrants; I congratulated myſelf upon my good fortune in meeting with ſo many of my countrymen, but I learnt that they were divided into ſixty-two or three different parties, who all entertained a reciprocal hatred for each other. I ſuppoſed, of courſe, that each faction had its peculiar attachment to ſome particular form of government, and as I was not acquainted with more than three or four different forms, I was ſtruck with wonder at the extent to which the moral, political, and legiſlative ideas of the age had expanded themſelves.

But I ſoon learnt, that theſe ſixty-three parties piqued themſelves but little upon the depth of their reflections and arguments; the whole cauſe of their variance being confined to the difference of the dates of their reſpective emigration, each blaming thoſe who had left their country before himſelf; but their reproaches were much keener againſt thoſe who had come away after him. For my own part, as I hated no one, I was but badly received by all of them, and I reſolved to ſhut myſelf up in my chamber, and never to go out but to take a walk by myſelf; I read in the newſpapers, that France was abſolutely in want of corn, and conſequently of bread; the different accounts of the ſcarcity which my unhappy countrymen ſuffered, greatly affected me. I recollected, that I had formerly heard my deceaſed uncle,

when he returned from a journey into Spain, talk of a kind of acorn which was sold in the markets at Madrid, and which the people prepared as they did chesnuts, using it for food*. I conceived that this simple aliment might, in time of dearth, be easily made to supply the place of bread; I therefore composed upon this subject a long and circumstantial memoir, which I determined to send by the post to the president of the national assembly. As the post, however, did not set out till the next day, I did up my packet, wrote the direction, and leaving it on the table went to take a walk, giving the key of my chamber to my landlord, according to my usual custom. I went out about eight o'clock, and did not return till twelve; when going

* This is affirmed in the Dictionary of Bomare.

up ſtairs, I was much ſurprized to find three men ſtrutting with much gravity about my room. One of them, after having aſked my name, gave me a paper and immediately retired with his companions. I undid it, and read a poſitive order from the government to leave Lucerne within two hours. Confounded at ſo diſgraceful an event, I endeavoured, but in vain, to diſcover the cauſe, when I was awakened from my reverie by my landlady, who came into my chamber in a very abrupt manner. This woman hated all the emigrants, not on account of any political ſentiment, but becauſe ſhe meaſured her eſteem for travellers by the ſcale of their expences. The economy of thoſe who had fled their country, gave her a very mean opinion of their cauſe; but, in order to juſtify herſelf in this opinion, ſhe never failed to ſuſpect all

emigrants who were totally ruined in their fortunes of being of *jacobinical principles*.

"Come, come, monſieur," ſaid ſhe to me, "the plot is diſcovered, you muſt be going."

"What do you mean, madam?"

"Aye! aye! the deepeſt water is always the moſt ſilent, monſieur. I told my good man ſo when he was ſo poſitive in taking you into the houſe. Thank God I have pretty good eyes, and am not to be made the dupe of jacobins in diſguiſe."

"What then, do you take me for a jacobin?"

"I tell you what, monſieur, it is of no uſe to deny it, ſurely a man's keeping up a correſpondence with the preſident of the convention makes the matter clear enough."

As ſhe ſaid theſe words, I caſt my

eyes towards the table, and not ſeeing the packet I had left, exclaimed, " How! have they taken away my memoir?"

" Yes, monſieur," replied the landlady with a deliberate tone of voice, " and all your deſigns are known, and my advice is that you no longer ſtay trifling here, for if in an hour you are not gone you will certainly be arreſted, and then God only knows what will become of you. By my troth I think that whoever is ſo eager to turn a whole country topſy turvy, richly deſerves to be driven out of it—but worſe will come of it than this—all theſe fine ſchemes of yours will be the means of ſending back all the emigrants. If government was of my way of thinking in theſe ticklifh times, it would receive none but the Engliſh. Aye, aye, the Engliſh for my money, ſay I. But

come ſir, trudge, you have no time to loſe."

With theſe words my landlady turned about and went out of my room. I now ſaw plainly that this woman, in order to get rid of me, had denounced me, and in the general miſtruſt, my memoir addreſſed to the preſident of the national convention, had given ſome weight to the accuſation of jacobiniſm. For my part as I loved my country, and was of no party, I grieved for the loſs of my memoir, which was digeſted in the cleareſt manner, and copied carefully over in my beſt hand-writing; I put together the rough drafts, packed up, and ſubmitting without a ſingle murmur to the injuſtice of my fate, haſtened from Lucerne. I left Switzerland without the ſmalleſt regret, a country in which I had been ſucceſſively accuſed of being a ſpy, an aſſaſ-

ſin, a conjuror, and a conſpirator. I croſſed into Germany, and went to Hamburgh. As ſoon as I arrived in this hoſpitable city, I went to work to write out my memoir again; and applied by letter to Citizen L . . . . the French conſul, for it to be ſent in a packet to France. This gentleman gave me no anſwer, I wrote a ſecond time to him, I called upon him time after time, but his door was always ſhut againſt me, and I learnt that he would neither ſee me nor anſwer my letter, for that he had reaſon to think me a *ſtaunch royaliſt.* I then determined upon printing my memoir, and took care to have my name put at the head of the pamphlet, of which I had four hundred copies printed off, half I ſent to Paris, and half into Bretagne.

The paſſions of great men, form in their peculiar deſtinies ſuch extraor-

dinary incidents as they have chofen to denominate *fatality.* The events of my life are of two little confequence to allow me to ufe fo fublime a term. Paffion never fhook my foul, but there is a certain aukwardnefs in my character which has plunged me into the fame difficulties as inprudence and rafhnefs bring upon other people. I am by no means hafty nor enterprifing, and yet no one has fallen into more miftakes than myfelf. I never fet about any thing without confidering it well, but the *à propos* has always been wanting in whatever I have undertaken, and hence I conceive all my ill luck to have arifen. Perhaps a little more knowledge of the world might have taken off fomething of this natural aukwardnefs; yet, I verily believe, fo blended was this defect with an abfent turn of mind which I could

not divest myself of, that nothing in the world would have remedied it. About this time I had the pleasure to learn, that one of my relations, who I thought was dead, lived in comfortable retirement in one of the suburbs of Paris, with his wife and children. I wrote to him, but under a German name, lest I should involve him in trouble, if by chance my letter should be opened, for I sent it by the post. Meanwhile, being desirous of shewing some attention to his eldest son, for whom I stood godfather, I sent the boy a chess-board and pieces, because in Germany these things are made very differently from those which are sold in France; to this letter I received no answer, but four or five months afterwards Citizen Dal . . . who was lately arrived from Paris, sent one morning to request that I would call

upon him; I went immediately, and found him by himſelf in his room; he began by ſaying that he wanted to ſpeak to me upon a ſubject relative to my couſin; at theſe words my heart ſwelled with joy, but what was my ſurpriſe when he went on, "Citizen C . . ." ſaid he, "deſires me to inform you immediately, that you muſt not think of writing to him any more, as the folly of the letter you have already written, has very nearly coſt him his life."

"How! his life?"

"Yes, ſir, in conſequence of that letter which was read at the poſt-office, and ſent to the committee of general ſafety, your relation was ſuſpected of plotting againſt the republic; it was ſuppoſed that he had ſent for a *quantity of arms* from abroad, and that he was carrying on a ſecret plan to ſeize on

ſome *cannon.* They therefore took poſſeſſion of all his papers, and he himſelf has been deprived of his liberty for three months."

This account thunderſtruck me. I recollected that in my letter I did indeed mention ſomething about *muſkets, pikes,* and *cannon,* but merely in a jocoſe way to particulariſe thoſe ſmall pieces of the preſent I had ſent, which repreſented theſe different things in miniature. "My God," I exclaimed, "is it poſſible they could thus interpret the moſt innocent pleaſantry? But ſurely my couſin was ſoon juſtified when the preſent was produced."

"By no means, all thoſe different pieces you ſpeak of were ſeized, brought into court, and produced in evidence againſt him. The judges and all preſent were overwhelmed with horror and indignation, and at firſt looked upon

these little figures as so many symbols of destruction and counter-revolution; it is true your cousin has at length got his liberty, but not without a great deal of money being spent, and after having undergone three months confinement in a solitary cell."

I could not make any answer to this speech, so great was my consternation at hearing such horrid tidings.

After a moment's silence, Citizen Dal . . . with a very serious countenance, observed, "This business ought to raise your admiration of the vigilance and address with which those who are at the head of affairs in the republic frustrate the plans of the royalists. The genius of liberty has the eyes of the lynx, and the energy of government will always triumph over the powerless efforts of the hatred of its enemies."

These words Citizen Dal . . . pronounced with so much emphasis, and I found the lesson so ill applied, that feeling myself beginning to be angry, I walked off immediately without making any reply.

This adventure induced me to reflect with concern that such times of revolution should make even the common attentions of civility and the most trifling jokes so pregnant with danger; however, I resolved to be more careful for the future. I had made a good many acquaintances in Hamburgh, and as I began to want money, I thought myself very happy in having a situation offered me at a merchant's house, who had retired from business, and passed almost the whole year in the country. My business was to overlook the labourers and gardeners, and at the same time to at-

tend to the education of his only ſon, a lad of ſixteen; this part of my occupation, however, conſiſted only of teaching him french, and ſleeping in his chamber. I entered this family about the end of June. M. Blaker (for ſo this merchant was called) was forty years of age, and after having ſacrificed the prime of his life to getting money, now made himſelf amends for all his former fatigues, by living in the moſt complete ſtate of idle eaſe, his only object ſeeming to be how to ſpend in the gayeſt manner a very handſome income.

His wife was about thirty, and in a way very ſhortly to increaſe her family. The young heir of the family was juſt recovered from a ſevere illneſs, he was low ſpirited, and ſeldom ſpoke, which appeared to me extraordinary in ſo young a man.

My time passed away agreeably enough in this family, they saw a great deal of company, and kept an excellent house; the greater part of the day I usually passed in the gardens and meadows, and I made several agricultural experiments; thus I led an easy and comfortable life perfectly to my inclination. One thing gave me pain, this was the weak state of Frederic Blaker's health, who seemed to grow worse every day.

It was much about this time that a *patriotic* Frenchman, with whom I had been formerly intimate, came to Hamburgh. Some time ago I had lent him two thousand crowns which he had never had it in his power to pay: having since, however, made a fortune, he remembered the debt, and was anxious to pay it. Notwithstanding he sent me the money he owed me,

he would not see me, because I was an emigrant.

In addition to the pleasure which the unexpected recovery of this sum gave me, I rejoiced to find that the new laws which had been established in France had not corrupted every republican, and that, spite of the cruelty and immorality of the various decrees which had been passed, integrity was not banished from every frenchman's heart.

I had been three weeks at M. Blaker's house, when his wife was happily brought to bed of a girl. Eight days after this event the young Frederic, in a more feeble state than he had yet been, passed the whole of the day in his chamber, did not appear at supper time, and went to bed two hours sooner than he usually did.

He was asleep when I went into the

bed-chamber, ſtill he appeared to me very much agitated in his ſleep; he talked quite loud, and his face was very much fluſhed. There was a night-lamp in the room; I awoke about three o'clock of the morning, and looking towards Frederic's bed was much ſurpriſed to find it empty; I called, but no one anſwered; I roſe, took the light, and looked all over that part of the houſe, but no Frederic was to be found. Much diſtreſſed, I went back to my room to reflect upon this adventure. At that inſtant, I heard a ſoft ſtep at a diſtance; and then it was that I ſuſpected ſome intrigue to have been the cauſe of his abſence. I extinguiſhed the light, got into bed again as quickly as I could, and pretended to be aſleep. Frederic came back, and threw himſelf into an elbow chair, I heard him ſigh deeply, and

soon after he laid down. About seven o'clock I rose, and without waking him, hastily dressed myself, and went softly out of the room. M. Blaker had been absent for two days at Hamburgh, but I requested to speak to his wife, who received me immediately; I told her all that had happened. Having heard me with attention, she begged of me not to speak of this circumstance to M. Blaker, as she dreaded his severity towards his son, adding that she suspected an intrigue between Frederic and the housekeeper, whose name was mademoiselle Muller, a young woman about twenty-six years of age, a very brisk young woman, tolerably handsome, and very pert in her manners: "for a long time," continued Madame Blaker, "I have had strong suspicions of Muller's behaviour, and am convinced that she has seduced my

son: a connection like this, at his age, is in every shape most abominable in such a creature as she is. I have, however, taken measures to show her in her proper colours to M. Blaker, who has hitherto taken her part; but we must proceed cautiously. My husband will be here this evening, and will not occupy these apartments for five or six days to come. I have not a doubt but Frederic will return to his rendezvous: as soon as he does, come and let me know directly, be it what time it may, and leave the rest to me."

I promised madame Blaker I would do exactly as she desired. Her husband returned in the afternoon, and I said nothing to him. Frederic more indisposed than ever, was desirous of remaining in his chamber, and went to bed at seven o'clock. M. Blaker whom very few things could induce to give

up a good ſupper party, had brought home with him a great deal of company, and thought nothing about his ſon. I retired early, and met the houſekeeper coming out of Frederic's chamber; this, added to ſeveral other little circumſtances which came to my recollection, at once perſuaded me, that madame Blaker's ſuſpicions were but too well grounded. I went to bed, but anxiety kept me awake, for I diſtinctly heard Frederic complaining and very reſtleſs, caſting off the bed clothes with violence; however, about two o'clock in the morning as I was, compoſing myſelf to ſleep, I heard him all of a ſudden throw himſelf out of bed, and without putting on his clothes, walk or rather leap acroſs the chamber, burſt open the door and ruſh out. I was petrified with aſtoniſhment, for I could not have ſuppoſed it poſſible

that a young man only ſixteen, whoſe temper appeared naturally cold and dull could have ſhewn ſo much vehemence of paſſion. I roſe and in two minutes was dreſt, when agreeably to madame Blaker's orders I went directly to her chamber. Every perſon in the family had been in bed full two hours, but as madame Blaker had lain in only ten days her nurſe ſtill ſat up with her. I tapped gently at the door, and the nurſe, at the deſire of her miſtreſs, let me in. As ſoon as I told madame my buſineſs, "Yes, there is no doubt of it," cried ſhe, "my ſon certainly is at this inſtant with that worthleſs baggage;" ſaying this ſhe requeſted me to wait a few moments, undrew the curtain, threw on her clothes, and ſtepping from the bed, ſeized me by the arm, "come along," ſaid ſhe.

"Good God, madam," I exclaimed,

"are you not afraid of injuring your health?

"No, no, do but go with me;" with theſe words ſhe forced me along with her. I took a taper and attended her. After having croſſed the corridor we went up a ſmall private ſtaircaſe, at the top of which we turned to the right, and were immediately at mademoiſelle Muller's door. Madame Blaker, who had a maſter-key with her, applied it to the lock, and opened the door ſoftly; we were now in the girl's room, when looking towards the bed, which was without curtains, we ſaw the heads of two perſons wrapt in a ſound ſleep. We went nearer, but who ſhall deſcribe my embarraſſment and ſurpriſe when in the paramour of this houſekeeper we ſaw, not the youth Frederic, but M. Blaker himſelf!— "Wretch," cried madame Blaker,

aloud. At this exclamation her huſband ſtarted from his ſleep, and doubtleſs his ſurpriſe equalled mine, when he beheld me with one hand ſupporting his wife, who had fainted, and carrying a lighted taper in the other, which expoſed the whole ſcene.—M. Blaker at that inſtant was regardleſs of every thing, but how to vent his rage upon me; his fury was ſo great as to make him forget his french, which in fact he at no time ſpoke very fluently, and he attacked me in german. I did not underſtand a word, but I could eaſily judge of the violence of his reproaches by the tone of his voice and the expreſſion of his countenance. The beſt thing I thought for me to do in this dilemma was to extinguiſh the night-lamp, and the taper which I held in my hand. The room was inſtantly in total dark-

neſs; I let go the arm of madame Blaker, and feeling out the door, made my eſcape into the gallery, but was ſo confuſed that I could not find the back ſtairs; I was obliged therefore to go all along the landing to the great ſtaircaſe, which was at the farther end; I deſcended this and came into a wide veſtibule, when ſome one coming up to me, I called out, "*Who's there?*" No one anſwered, but the perſon ſeized me by my waiſt, and threw me on the floor. I ſtruggled, and received ſeveral blows which I returned, and cried out as loud as I could: I perceived that my adverſary was naked; he alſo cried out but with a frightful hoarſe voice, ſo that I knew not what to make of the matter; at length, however, in the midſt of the combat, I heard the doors opening on all ſides of me; every body was haſten-

ing to the ſpot; ſeveral perſons half dreſſed, with lights in their hands came up, and I then diſcovered that my rough antagoniſt was Frederic, who, panting for breath, and overcome with fatigue, had that moment fainted away.

M. Blaker joined the reſt in his nightgown, and making his way through this curious groupe, with his eyes flaſhing fire, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "O God, the villain has murdered my ſon!" At theſe words he endeavoured to come at me, but was withheld by thoſe who were near him. I ſtepped forward, and ſtrove in vain to ſet this affair in its proper light; every body ſpoke at once, and no one attended to me. I then took the young Frederic in my arms, who laid without any ſenſe, and obſerved that it was neceſſary to attend to the youth,

who had been ill with a fever, and had got out of his room. This obſervation was liſtened to, and ſome perſons, more rational than the reſt, aſſiſted me in carrying Frederic to his chamber.

Madame Blaker, entirely taken up with her anger againſt her huſband, had not given herſelf a thought about juſtifying me to him, ſo that he remained ſtill impreſſed with the idea that I had watched him in order to betray him to his wife.

Madame Blaker having retired to her chamber before the ſecond part of the adventure, knew nothing of it till the next morning.

As ſoon as Frederic was laid upon his bed, M. Blaker ordered me to quit the chamber, and the houſe altogether. —"No, Sir," I coolly replied, "I ſhall ſtay to inform the doctor, who is

ſent for, reſpecting the ſituation of your ſon, and I will alſo take care of that unfortunate young man during his illneſs; after which, as ſoon as I have proved to you my innocence, I ſhall moſt willingly leave your houſe, never to enter it again."—The coolneſs with which I ſpoke reſtrained M. Blaker's indignation. At that inſtant Frederic opened his eyes and ſpoke, but his ſenſes wandered.—In his delirium he would have riſen, and it was with much difficulty, that we could with our united ſtrength prevent him. In a quarter of an hour he was more calm, and ſeemed inclined to ſleep. I took this opportunity of leading M. Blaker into the next room, and explaining every thing, juſtified myſelf in all that had happened. He confeſſed that he believed I had no bad intention in what I had done, but reproached me ſeverely with not having ſpoken to him firſt, notwithſtanding

Madame Blaker's injunctions to the contrary, and declared, with great wrath, that I had set him and his wife at variance for ever.

The doctor came, and pronounced Frederic to be in a high fever. For twelve hours this youth was very bad, but a favourable crisis coming on, preserved his life. Once more restored to his senses, he told us that he should not have got up in the night the first time, but that having felt as if he should be suffocated, he thought the air would take off the sensation; and after walking for three quarters of an hour in the garden, he was considerably relieved and returned to bed, but that, on the next day, his head was greatly disordered. This I did not perceive, because I asked him no questions, and with his usual taciturnity he spoke but very little; besides, I conceived his

mind was otherwise much taken up. As to his second nocturnal sally he recollected nothing about it, having got out of bed in a fit of delirium, and had wandered about the house without knowing what he was doing. Madame Blaker was not without reason excessively angry with me, and loaded me with reproaches for having been so careless as not to take any notice of the situation of her son. I might have answered, that his father had perceived as little of it as myself; but I was conscious I had been remiss, and therefore did not attempt to vindicate myself.

As soon as Frederic was declared out of danger, I packed up my things; and, ill as I was from having set up four nights successively, as well as from the effects of my late unseasonable combat, I left the house with a black eye, a swelled forehead, and half a dozen bruises in my body, leaving behind me

the worſt character in the world as a tutor, diſgraced forever in the opinion of M. Blaker and his wife, and the object of mademoiſelle Muller's irreconcileable hatred.

I returned in ſadneſs to Hamburgh, where two or three aguiſh attacks confined me to my bed for ſeveral days.

As ſoon as I was able to get out, I found all my old acquaintances ſhunned me. The jealous and vindictive madame Blaker was publicly divorced from her huſband by mutual conſent of parties. The ſtory was told in a thouſand different ways, and all to my diſadvantage; every body unanimouſly accuſing me of having deſignedly made a quarrel between M. Blaker and his wife, and differing only in the motives that could actuate me. Some affected to ſay, that being myſelf in love with Muller, I was deſirous of

thus revenging myself for her refusal of my suit; others went still farther, and asserted that I had urged madame Blaker to sue for a divorce, with the hope of marrying her afterwards; and to this was added, that the cause of my beating Frederic was his anxiety to prevent my acquainting madam Blaker with her husband's infidelity, and that having knocked him down, I left him senseless on the floor. The result of all this was, that I was represented as the most inconsiderate, the most passionate, and the most impertinent fellow under the sun. The malevolent party, who are always and every where the most numerous, instantly believed the whole. The candid, according to custom, believed but half what was said; but in this case, as well as others, half was a great deal too much. It is to be hoped, that by and by, when mo-

rality ſhall have riſen to its perfection, (a conſummation for which hundreds of authors have been labouring full theſe ſeventy years!) It is to be hoped, I ſay, that then the candid party will ſubſtitute for the common maxim, *that you muſt not believe but half what the world ſays,* the following much more juſt and charitable obſervation, *the world in general is not to be believed in any thing.*

Hamburgh growing irkſome, I determined to go over to England; but I thought it moſt prudent not to go by my own name, I therefore took that of Deſbruyères, which was for me a very characteriſtic name, from the eagerneſs which I ſtill retained for the improvement of waſte lands.

A very excellent opportunity offered for paſſing over to England with ſafety and free of expence. An Auſtrian

nobleman, charged with diſpatches of an important nature, was on his way to London, and in want of a ſecretary who could write a good hand, and underſtood French. I offered myſelf by the name of Deſbruyères, was accepted, and ſet off with him. I embarked, having in my poſſeſſion ſeven thouſand five hundred livres, and a letter of recommendation to a Mr. Merton, a banker, in London, beſides my ſecretaryſhip, which amounted to two thouſand francs.

When I took a view of my preſent ſituation, I forgot all my misfortunes. In fact, I had every reaſon to be perfectly ſatisfied. The count of Steinback (the Auſtrian lord whom I have juſt mentioned) was one of the beſt kind of men in the world; he had only one fault, which was that of heartily hating every ſort of novelty

and innovation, and of courſe was an enemy to the new opinions of the French revolution. This gentleman was fifty-ſix years old, reaſoned but little, and decided on every queſtion in the moſt poſitive manner. He attached the higheſt importance to noble deſcent, and his only argument to ſupport it was, *the nobility muſt ſtill be noble in ſpite of every thing.* This was an obſervation he often made whilſt ſmoking his pipe, and always with the ſame ſatisfaction to himſelf. His whole converſation was made up of theſe ſhort ſentences, pauſing between every one for ſome time with an air of deep meditation. He was moreover exceſſively reſerved, circumſpect, and even myſterious; ſo great was his apprehenſion of committing himſelf, that one day, when politics were mentioned in his preſence, he exclaimed, after a

long ſilence, "*Gentlemen, I will venture to predict, that all this will come to an end by ſome means or other, but don't ſay that I ſaid ſo.*"

Our voyage was proſperous; we arrived in London in the beginning of September. At the end of three days, the count told me he intended to paſs a month at Bath, and deſired me to go thither directly in order to beſpeak him a lodging. I ſat off alone on horſeback, and took the road by *Stonehenge**, having a deſire to ſee that famous piece of antiquity. In going this road we paſſed over at leaſt twenty-four miles of uncultivated country. It was not without emotion that I caſt my view over theſe extenſive plains: I felt as if I was in my own

* *Stone-henge* is a very curious ancient monument, raiſed, as it is ſaid, by the Druids.

domain. As I knew a few words of Engliſh, I aſked my guide ſeveral queſtions about theſe heaths. He told me they belonged *to the king's ſports**. It ſtruck me that his Britannic majeſty was deſirous of improving theſe grounds, and of parting them off into farms, which appeared to me likely to afford *real diverſion to a king*. As I travelled on, reflecting upon the true enjoyment which ſupreme power could procure, a light carriage paſſed cloſe by me; I was going but ſlowly on, when my horſe puſhed forward into a gallop; coming up with the chaiſe, I pulled in my horſe even with the door, and kept him from paſſing it. I looked into the coach, and ſaw a very handſome young lady with an aged female ſervant in it. The former

* That is to ſay, the king's hunt.

changed colour when ſhe ſaw me, which, however, I was not ſurprized at, as I had heard a great deal of the modeſty of the Engliſh women; but ſeeing her paleneſs continue, and her head fall upon her companion's ſhoulder, I concluded ſhe was taken ill, and called out to the poſtillion to ſtop, which he immediately did. The young woman then dropped the glaſs on the ſide on which I was, and greatly ſurprized me by holding out, with a trembling hand, her purſe and watch. Although the miſtake ſhe had made was not very flattering to my perſonal appearance, I could not help burſting out into a laugh, aſſuring her I was no robber; and my guide coming up at that inſtant, ſpoke to her, and ſatisfied her upon that head. We then entered into converſation. She told me that

her ſervant had been taken ill on the road; that ſhe had full ſeven miles to go before ſhe ſhould reach the ſeat of a lady, a friend of hers; and that ſhe was dreadfully apprehenſive of robbers. I offered to go out of my way to eſcort her, which ſhe accepted moſt gratefully. As the day began to decline, I quitted the ſide of the chaiſe to ride at the head of the horſes, and to make the poſtillion get on faſter. When we came within ſight of the houſe, I bowed and took my leave, turning into the road to Bath without farther loſs of time. This lady appeared to me to be a very agreeable young woman, and I repented not having aſked her name.

The count of Steinback ſtaid only a fortnight at Bath, at the end of which time we returned to London. I one evening met at Kenſington the che-

valier de Florzel, a young emigrant, whom I formerly knew as a naval-cadet at Brest. We renewed our acquaintance. Florzel was full of wit, intelligence, and gaiety, nor had the public disasters in the least altered his character. Besides he had no individual cause for complaint. His mother, of whom he was the only son, had brought a great deal of money from France, and Florzel being of a very good family, had met with powerful friends at the British court. This young man was of a careless turn, but he was of an obliging temper, and had a good heart. He never meddled with politics, and he extended his compassion towards his unfortunate countrymen, let them be of what party they would.

I told Florzel to say nothing about my real name, and he approved of

my plan of taking a feigned one, becauſe, as there were two men in France who were in public ſituations of the ſame name with myſelf, Florzel thought that, under my real name, I ſhould not be received in England without ſome difficulty, notwithſtanding the countenance of the count de Steinback.

I paſſed my time very pleaſantly in London, although the count employed me about a work by no means amuſing, and which took up at leaſt five or ſix hours of the day. What I had to do was to copy and correct the ſtyle of ſeveral political memoirs, written in French, ſome of which were intended to be publiſhed without the name of the author. The count, who talked leſs than any man, was at the ſame time, unfortunately for me, the moſt diffuſe of writers, and his extraordinary predilection for long paren-

theſes, made his writings ſo obſcure, that conſiderable attention and a good memory were neceſſary to comprehend the ſenſe, as well as to preſerve the connection of his arguments; for the collateral reflections and digreſſions, frequently foreign to the main ſubject, formed in general the greater part of the compoſition. After having been hard at work for ſix weeks, his genius became exhauſted, and he told me he ſhould reſt awhile from his literary labours. I thanked Heaven when I heard this; and, anxious to take advantage of the laſt few fine days in autumn to make an excurſion from town, I accepted an offer which Florizel made me to go to Stowe. Among the reſt of the handſome buildings of theſe celebrated gardens, I principally admired that which is called *the Imperial Cabinet*, where are placed

the buſts of all the Roman emperors, each with ſome ſaying inſcribed upon it taken from the hiſtory of the perſon whom it repreſents; as thus, Titus once exclaimed, *I have loſt a day*; and ſo on with the others.

This idea I thought very ingenious. The Pantheon occurred to my recollection, which had been erected in France for the purpoſe of placing in it the ſtatues of ſome great writers; and I obſerved to Florzel, that it was much to be wiſhed they had paſſages inſcribed upon them taken from the works of their reſpective authors. Florzel ſmiled at the ſuggeſtion, and preſſed me to make the ſelection. I ſaid I was utterly incapable of it, and for this excellent reaſon, becauſe I had never been engaged in literary purſuits, and knew nothing of politics, ſo that the works of theſe philoſophers

were totally unknown to me. Florzel very obligingly premised to give me the inscriptions I wished for, and I did not conceal from him that my intention was to send them to France; for since Robespierre's death I had felt an irresistible desire to return to my native country, and it was with great satisfaction that I seized this opportunity of doing what I presumed would be in every way acceptable to the French government: I had been informed that the writers who were placed in the foremost row, and of course were the favourites of the popular speakers, and highly extolled in their harangues, were *Voltaire, Diderot*, and *J. J. Rousseau*. I therefore recommended to Florzel to begin with these first, and to choose out the inscriptions for these three idols of the people. Two days after, Florzel entered

my chamber, bringing them with him; as I had expected them somewhat impatiently, I immediately unfolded the paper, and read the following:

VOLTAIRE.

"The greatest service, which in my "opinion any person could possibly "do mankind, would be to separate "for ever the besotted people from the "more civilized part of the world. "I cannot bear the absurd insolence "of those who tell me I must think "like my taylor or my laundress.

"It appears to me to be essential "to the order of things, that there "should exist an ignorant commo-"nalty.

"This reasoning age totally does "away all consideration for talent.

"The system of equality has always

"appeared to me to be the fond "ſcheme of a madman.

"I am by no means deſirous of "having the Athenian democracy "re-eſtabliſhed; the government of "the mob is not at all to my taſte*."

DIDEROT.

"Although I am not of opinion "that democracy is either the moſt "convenient or the moſt laſting form "of government, I look upon it to "be the moſt ancient; ſtill, however, "I am convinced that it is the moſt "diſadvantageous to great ſtates.

"The government of an extenſive "and powerful country ought to be "monarchical †."

* Voltaire's Letters.

† F. Encyclopedia.

J. J. Rousseau.

"The ſocial contract ought to be "well received at Geneva, for I "greatly prefer ariſtocracy to any "other form of government ‡."

When I had read this paper, I could not help laughing.—"I beg, Florzel," ſaid I, "that you would not think to deceive me thus by your pleaſantry. It is true, I never have read theſe authors, but I am very certain that in the works of theſe philoſophers, ſo quoted by the popular men at the head of affairs in France, no ſuch expreſſions could have been found and circulated without the writers being brought to the ſcaffold."—"I give you my word," ſaid Florzel, "that I have made a faithful extract from

‡ Rouſſeau's Letters.

each, and I will instantly prove it."—"How!" interrupted I, "this book so vaunted by jacobins, this very book, this *social contract*, for which Rousseau has become as a god among them, does this tend to prove that the best of all governments is an aristocracy?"—"Even so."—"And Voltaire too, does he call democracy the government of the *mob*; and equality, *the fond scheme of a madman?* and even Diderot would have a great country governed by a monarchy?"—"Just so, I assure you."—"But have not the jacobins misunderstood these authors?"—"I know no more than what you see."—"The philosophers then had nothing to do with bringing about the revolution?"—"Excuse me there; they accomplished it by *overturning* old systems, not by *raising up* new ones."—"So the jacobins have deified

the modern philofophers, not for their *political*, but their *moral principles.*" I was much aftonifhed at making this difcovery, and after mature deliberation, thought it better not to fend any infcriptions to France.

In the mean time I recollected that I had a letter of recommendation under my feigned name of *Desbruyeres*, to Mr. Merton the banker; his refidence was in Oxford-road, and I called upon him there one morning—my reception was polite and frank at the fame time. He had formerly travelled in France, and had a regard for thofe among the French whofe fentiments were moderate. As we were chatting over our tea, the door of the drawing-room opened, and Mr. Merton faid, "*Let me introduce my daughter to you.*" I turned round, and was very agreeably furprized to

find in the daughter of Mr. Merton, the young lady whom I had eſcorted over the plains of *Stone-henge.* Miſs Lucy (for that was her name) expreſſed herſelf in a very flattering manner at this unexpected meeting. I perceived ſhe had told the whole of that incident to her father, for as ſoon as ſhe obſerved that I was the *ſtranger of the plains* (ſo ſhe called me) her father ſhook me heartily by the hand; and this, among the Engliſh, is no empty compliment, but a ſure teſtimony of eſteem and friendſhip. What principally called forth Mr. Merton's gratitude was, the little gallantry which I had ſhewn upon that occaſion; he took it very kindly my not having accompanied his daughter to the lady's ſeat, and my parting with her without aſking her name or telling my own. hus, for the firſt time in my life, my

aukwardneſs and abſence of mind were ſo far from being of any diſadvantage to me that they were of the greateſt ſervice. Mr. Merton, from this circumſtance, was well aſſured that I was a harmleſs unaſſuming kind of man, whom he might receive into his houſe without any apprehenſion. He made me promiſe to repeat my viſit frequently, and I with much pleaſure paſſed my word to do ſo.

' Miſs Lucy was about eighteen, and although ſhe was not the handſomeſt young woman in London, yet her perſon was ſtriking, her manners were mild and pleaſing, and her carriage was moſt engagingly modeſt. She ſpoke French tolerably well, although her pronunciation was very faulty; but ſhe had ſome favourite expreſſions which at firſt appeared rather extra-

ordinary, and especially as she was continually repeating them; among the rest she introduced, on all occasions, the words *choquant* and *delicatesse* (shocking and delicacy). I have since learnt, that in English the ladies make use of these two words constantly in their conversation. I profited by the invitation which Mr. Merton gave me, and went frequently to his house; he shook me by the hand still more and more, and Miss Lucy gave me many proofs of her confidence and friendship. One day, when I was going to carry her a book which she had asked me to bring her, I went to her apartment where she had often received me tête à tête; but not finding her there, I went into her own room, the door of which I found open. Miss Lucy was winding a skein of silk with an old lady, her governess, and as soon as

ſhe ſaw me ſhe bluſhed, and ſhrieking out, made me a ſign with her hand to be gone. Much ſurprized at ſo ſtrange a reception, I did not ſtir; but Miſs Lucy, in great agitation, cried out, *choquant! choquant!* At this important word, which ſhe never pronounced but with an indignant air, I retreated, and went and told the circumſtance to Mr. Merton. He laughed heartily at my ignorance, and informed me that an Engliſh woman could not bear any man to enter her bed-chamber; that they could, without treſpaſſing upon decency, receive a man in a dreſſing-room, but that were there to be a bed in any part of the houſe in which people uſually converſe, to meet him there would be altogether inexcuſable. Now I muſt confeſs, that in ſpite of my admiration of the Engliſh ladies, I looked upon all

this ſcruple to be quite oppoſite to the *delicateſſe* they talk ſo much of. I could not but think it a little *choquant* that a *bed* ſhould be regarded as ſo great a bug-bear to innocence. When the ſight of a *bed* and a man together, create ſo ſerious an alarm in the breaſts of young women, what are we to ſay for the innocence of their thoughts!

In this caſe I decide in favour of the French women, who never trouble themſelves the leaſt about all theſe matters, and who, as long as they are virtuous, attend to a much more ſimple rule of decency, which is, never to receive young people at their houſes whilſt they themſelves are young.

Miſs Lucy did not look pleaſantly upon me the whole of the day; however, I comforted myſelf by converſing with the father, for whom I felt a real regard, and particularly when I

discovered that he had as passionate a turn for agriculture and improvements as myself. As he was talking of the travels of his younger days, he all at once spoke with much feeling of my uncle, whom he had known at Bourdeaux, and from whom he had received many essential services. I was a good deal moved: Mr. Merton perceived my agitation, and questioned me so very home, that I could not avoid telling him the truth. "What!" exclaimed he with transport, "are you then the nephew of that excellent man? Do you bear his name?" Here he checked himself and shook my hand in silence; then he turned his back, and taking two or three paces across the room, he came back to me and shook me by the hand again, saying, "I will prove to you that the English know what gratitude is."

with theſe words he ſqueezed my hand ſo cloſe, that two of my fingers were cut to the quick, by a gold ring which I uſually wore, but I made no complaint, for I felt all the intereſt of the action and was much affected.

I told all theſe circumſtances to my friend Florzel, who, looking at my two wounded fingers, ſaid to me—“ When an Engliſhman has preſſed any perſon's hand with ſo much earneſtneſs, he has promiſed him every thing; be aſſured, my dear Kerkalis, Mr. Merton has engaged himſelf to give you his daughter, thoſe fingers cut in that manner, are, to all intents and purpoſes, as good as a contract.”—Notwithſtanding my friend's aſſurance and a ſecret preſentiment, I dared not give myſelf up to ſo ſweet a hope; but it was not long e'er I was informed of my good fortune. Mr. Merton explained his conduct in the

moſt unequivocal manner. He told me that he intended his daughter for me, if ſhe ſhould not make any objection: he added, that he had already ſpoken to her upon the ſubject, and that ſhe had given him for anſwer, that her heart was entirely diſengaged, and that ſhe had a regard for me. She did not, indeed, reject the propoſal, but requeſted two months to conſider of it. I was overjoyed, as it was natural for me to be, at finding I could make any well-founded pretenſions to the hand of ſo charming a girl, and ſhe the daughter of the man whom I eſteemed the moſt in the world. Still I muſt acknowledge, that I was almoſt afraid to ſee miſs Lucy, after this, fancying that ſhe would henceforward regard me with a ſcrutinizing eye, and I ſomewhat dreaded the conſequences of this ſtrict obſervation. The character of a lover was ſo

novel to me, that I had a thousand fears of becoming *choquant* in the eyes of a perſon, who was endowed with ſo much *delicateſſe*. In fact, Lucy, who hitherto had treated me as an indifferent perſon, now began to regard me with intereſt and kindneſs, but, at the ſame time, with ſo particular an attention, as to give me the greateſt pain. For the firſt time in my life, I experienced, in ſeveral little occurrences, an embarraſſment which I could not overcome. I was afraid of walking awkwardly, of entering the room with an ungraceful air, of making ill-timed compliments, or of appearing indifferent; and not knowing, poſitively, how to act, I found myſelf in want of a guide. Florzel appeared to me the beſt perſon I could chooſe for this purpoſe, he knew the world ſo well, and I reſolved to introduce him to Mr. Merton. The

latter informed me of the arrival of his brother, Dr. Merton, from the country, where he uſually reſided, whom his brother and niece regarded as the moſt witty and moſt amiable man in England. When he arrived I was introduced to him by the worthy Merton, who declared that he conſidered me, in every reſpect, as his ſon-in-law. The doctor was, what the Engliſh call, a *clever man**, which title, in my opinion, comprehends all that one can imagine to be moſt tireſome and inſupportable. This doctor affected ſo uniform a gaiety, that he laughed every word he ſpoke; he betrayed this ſagacious characteriſtic in bidding any perſon *good day*; for this ſalutation was accompanied with a ſingular ſort of titter, which every other minute ſwelled into a broad burſt of

* A pert, trifling, ſuperficial banterer.

laughter, and all this without any body being able to find out the ſecret of the Joke. His whole diſcourſe was made up of witticiſms, generally ironical, and he exhauſted himſelf much leſs with his bon mots than with his inceſſant prating. I conceived ſo great an antipathy againſt this man, that I was obliged to exert all the ſelf command I was poſſeſſed of, and all the reſpect I had for Mr. Merton, to prevent me from being very rough with him. But I nevertheleſs received his ſallies with freezing indifference, ſo that I have not the leaſt doubt but he judged very unfavourably of my underſtanding.

Some days after this I introduced my friend Florzel to Mr. Merton's family. The doctor was there, and being willing to play off all his airs and graces before a young frenchman of very amiable manners, became more ridiculous than

ever, and Florzel ſeemed not the leaſt to wonder at his conduct, but even appeared to be quite delighted with him, and laughed with ſo much well diſſembled art, that I began to think I muſt have judged too harſhly, in ſetting down the doctor for a tireſome fellow; for in all matters of this ſort I always relied more on Florzel's judgment than on my own.—When we went out of the houſe, I inſtantly aſked Florzel what he really thought of the doctor?" There is no bearing him," replied he.—" But what the deuce, then, could make you attend to all his nonſenſical jokes with ſo much well put on gratification?"—" Believe me," rejoined he, "I abſolutely laughed from my ſoul; for as Democritus declared for the follies of men, ſo am I on the ſide of all thoſe who chuſe to make themſelves ridiculous; I gather conſiderable amuſement from them; the more extravagant they are the

greater my gratification; and I am sure that to be pleased with them, is infinitely better than to suffer them to ruffle one's temper. A conceited and confident buffoon, is a truly interesting object to me. What farce is half so rich in its scenes, as the part such persons so willingly undertake? So far am I from repulsing them, that I make a point of meeting their advances, and I so flatter them by my encouragement, that they get quite beside themselves; they almost worship me for this; and, trust me, it is no small proof of wit, to please them who have none."—This rare talent Florzel certainly possessed. Doctor Merton never mentioned his name but with enthusiasm, and was continually observing, that Florzel was the *cleverest* frenchman he ever met with.

A month had now elapsed since Mr. Merton had promised me his daughter, and I was still ignorant of

what progreſs I had made in Lucy's heart; I remarked, indeed, that ſhe treated me with the ſame kind attention as at firſt, and that ſhe no longer ſeemed to obſerve me ſo narrowly, but ſhe was become very penſive. Having thought upon theſe circumſtances, with much ſerious conſideration, I concluded that ſhe had ſufficiently ſtudied my character, and knew enough of me to ſpare herſelf any further trouble, and at laſt having reſolved upon giving me her hand, ſhe felt that kind of modeſt perplexity, which every young woman muſt of courſe experience, at the moment that ſhe is about to form an engagement for life. This idea ſtrengthened, as I every day perceived Lucy grow more and more reſerved towards me. This feminine timidity I reſpected ſo much, that I no longer forced myſelf into her company, nor ſought to be with her alone. I had reaſon to con-

gratulate myſelf upon this reſpectful plan; Lucy thanked me in ſo obliging a manner, and with ſo tender an air did ſhe declare her approbation of my *delicateſſe*, that I wanted nothing more to convince me of my having won her heart. Florzel became a conſtant viſitor at Mr. Merton's houſe, and I was the more pleaſed with him for his diſclaiming all title to my acknowledgments of his friendly aſſiduity. He would no longer give me his advice, but told me that his own heart was very ſeriouſly aſſailed, and that he was very much taken up with his paſſion. I knew he was engaged in ſome love affair, and I concluded, that his diſquietude was in conſequence of ſome obſtacle he had met with, or that the connexion was broken off. thought it would be indiſcreet in me to queſtion him upon the ſubject, and determined to wait till he ſhould, of his own accord, open his heart to me.

Mr. Merton ſhared with me in the confidence I felt with reſpect to his daughter. Having long determined to give up buſineſs, he deſigned to return to Ireland, his native country, immediately after the marriage, and it was agreed between him and me, not to reſume my real name of Kerkalis, until we ſhould be eſtabliſhed in Dublin.

It is with infinite pleaſure that I pauſe to dwell upon this period, which I eſteem the happieſt of my life. I am not very certain that I was really in love, but, beyond all doubt, I found Lucy a very charming object. I loved Mr. Merton as a father, and I had a lively ſenſe of all the advantages, which an alliance that would make my fortune, held out to me, and, at the ſame time, ſeemed to ſecure the tranquillity and comfort of my future exiſtence. The great day was fixed by Mr. Mer-

ton; this was the 4th of March, and we were ſtill in February. On that very day, the count de Steinback having reſumed his humour for authorſhip, kept me ſo cloſe to my writing deſk, that it was impoſſible for me to dine with Mr. Merton. I then determined to go to a tavern, where I had often dined at an ordinary. I there obſerved a man who attracted my attention, from the pointed way in which he looked at me; his eyes were conſtantly fixed on me. After dinner he aſked me ſeveral queſtions, and enquired of me my name, which I told him plainly was Deſbruyeres, adding alſo, that I was a French emigrant. At theſe words he haſtily quitted me, and left the houſe in great hurry. I was for ſome minutes pondering upon this rencontre in a very thoughtful ſtate of mind, and then went out. I walked ſlowly as far as

the end of the ſtreet, when I was, all at once, aſſailed by four men, who took me into cuſtody. One of theſe was the perſon with whom I had dined. They were officers of juſtice, who, by virtue of a formal order, conducted me to the *King's Bench* priſon. It was to no purpoſe that I aſked the reaſon for this attack; I could get no direct anſwer, and was deprived of my liberty, without learning a word of the crime for which I was ſeized.

The King's Bench is a very dirty priſon, and by no means merits the pompous eulogium, which Mr. Archendolz beſtows upon it in his Journey through England. It was night when I entered this diſmal place, ſo that for that day I could obtain no ſatisfactory anſwer to my enquiries, for I ſaw no one elſe but the turnkeys, who knew not a word of French.

The next day being a very fine day for the ſeaſon, I went down into the court, and found there a French emigrè who ſpoke Engliſh. I begged of him to aſk the turnkeys what was the reaſon of my confinement. "With all my heart will I," ſaid he, "provided you are a royaliſt." As I did not anſwer this queſtion without ſome heſitation, he walked off; but another priſoner, whoſe looks were very much againſt him, and who underſtood a little French, told me he would go and get me ſome intelligence upon the ſubject I had mentioned. He left me, but returned again at the end of a quarter of an hour. The explanation he brought me was by no means ſatisfactory. He told me that I had been arreſted, becauſe it was ſuppoſed that I had been the author of three very ſeditious pamphlets; that as to the reſt there were

two complaints lodged againſt me, which were very juſtly brought forward: one was for having ſeduced a young woman, who was ſix months gone with child by me; the other was preferred by a merchant in the city, from whom I had ſtolen ſome bales of merchandize. The priſoner having informed me of theſe particulars in very bad French, turned round to thoſe who were curious to know who I was, and told them the ſame in Engliſh. Some ſhrugged up their ſhoulders, others laughed. The emigrant, with an ironical ſneer, made many reflections of a very important nature, upon the principles and morals of the patriots. Very different from my uſual cuſtom, I felt angry, and going up to the emigrant, I challenged him to fight, after the manner of my country, by butting at each other. He anſwered me with diſdain, that he never

fought like rams. I then loſt all patience, and ſtepping back five or ſix paces, I warned him that I was going to attack him; and taking a ſpring, I threw myſelf at him with my head down, and with the fore part gave him ſo ſevere a blow in his ſtomach, that he fell on the ground. At the ſame inſtant the court reſounded with ſhouts and clapping. The emigrant got up again, and called out, in the moſt furious manner, for a piſtol, a ſword, a ſabre, in ſhort for every kind of weapon he could think of, one after the other, I made another attack in the rear of the enemy, and was going to repeat my blow, when we were ſeparated. My Breton exploit gained me the hearts of all the Engliſh priſoners: they deſired to know my name, and I was obliged to tell it them, when every one cried out at once – 'What! is this *Deſbru-*

yeres?—Here's *Deſbruyeres!* and this name was repeated ſo often, that all the other priſoners, who were in their rooms, or in the coffee-houſe at billiards*, ran together in crowds, repeating, likewiſe, with aſtoniſhment, mixed with admiration—'*How! is this Deſbruyeres? It is Deſbruyeres, ſure enough!*' Meanwhile ſome perſons, whom I knew as little of as the others, pretended that I was not *Deſbruyeres:* this gave cauſe for a freſh diſpute. As for myſelf, aſtoniſhed as I was at the celebrity of my name in the *King's Bench*, I modeſtly thought only of retiring with my glory, and making my way through the crowds, that increaſed every minute, I got back to my room.

As I knew enough of Engliſh to be able to aſk for the things I wanted,

* In this priſon there is a coffee-room

I requeſted the gaoler to furniſh me with paper and ink, and wrote a long letter to the count de Steinback. I mentioned to him my diſtaſtrous adventure, and remarked to him, that no one knew better than he, how incapable I was of writing ſeditious pamphlets; and that, in ſhort, he could eaſily prove the falſehood of thoſe abſurd calumnies, which were altogether deſtitute of the remoteſt degree of probability; and that, by only appearing in my behalf, he might procure me that juſtice, to which I had a right. I ſent this letter directly, not doubting but the count would take care I ſhould be ſet at liberty in the courſe of the ſame day. About eight o'clock in the evening my door opened, and the count's valet de chambre entered my room; as I was convinced he came to take me with him, I joyfully roſe to go out, but he

ſhut the door, and addreſſed me in theſe words—“ Stay, my friend, firſt hear what the count ſays to you.” This beginning alarmed me; I ſtood mute with aſtoniſhment, and the valet went on. “ The count will not, in any ſhape, intermeddle in this affair; and he expreſsly enjoins you, in the firſt place, to apply to him no more, and, in the next, ſhould you recover your liberty, not to return to his houſe, as he no longer requires your ſervices. Here are five guineas, which is the part of your ſalary that is coming to you. Your box and portmanteau I have delivered to the gaoler.”—“ My dear Florent,” replied I, “ take thoſe five guineas for yourſelf, and tell the count de Steinbach, that after all the profeſſions of eſteem which he has laviſhed upon me, I did not conceive he would have heſitated to have taken a ſtep which com-

mon civility would have of itſelf pointed out to him; but this circumſtance has taught me to know the true character of thoſe men, who are continually under the influence of the dread of committing themſelves; and I feel that I have learnt a very uſeful leſſon in diſcovering, that he who yields ſo readily to ſuch puſillanimous apprehenſions, can never be a uſeful protector to any one, nor a juſt man in himſelf."

Florent, very well ſatisfied with the preſent I had made him, was anxious to evince his gratitude by ſpeaking ill of his maſter, but I interrupted him by diſmiſſing him.

I then reſolved to do what I ſhould have done at firſt, and ſate down to write to Florzel. I had already began my letter, when I heard a knock at my door; it was the Engliſh priſoner who had acted as my interpreter; his coun-

tenance and voice had by no means prejudiced me in his favour, and I could have difpenfed with this vifit. "I am come," faid he, "to bring you fome good news." Thefe words induced me to attend to him; I politely offered a chair to *Jack*, (that was the name the prifoner went by,) he fate down readily, for he was drunk, and could fcarcely ftand upon his legs. Before I could learn the *good news*, I was forced to liften to a great deal of ftrange nonfenfe, delivered in a jargon fcarcely intelligible, refpecting the various means by which a prifoner, if he is a fenfible acute fellow, might inform himfelf about what was going on out of the walls of the prifon. I did not comprehend half his ftory, and could only make out, that this art required a talent for contrivance; that *Jack* had made many very fuccefsful hits of this fort; and

that *Kitty*, a girl he kept, came to ſee him every day, and was very uſeful to him in this way. As ſoon as *Jack* had done talking and laughing at his own manœuvres, I begged of him to let me know the good news he had to tell me. Jack, immediately putting on a grave knowing look, told me, "he had it from *good authority*, that I ſhould not be *condemned*, but only ſent to *Botany-bay*." 'Till now I had never known any other agitation of mind than what ſurprize, anger, or impatience had produced, and that never mingled with any real uneaſineſs. But this dreadful word *Botany-bay*, this confidential tête à tête, late in the evening, in a priſon, with a man who, according to all appearances, was a highwayman; the hour, the place, the ſolitude, overturned all my patience of mind; my

blood ran cold, and my mind was filled with the moſt frightful ideas. Jack, perceiving that I turned pale, immediately launched out into a long and vehement exhortation, the ſubſtance of which was, that it was a great deal better to go to Botany-bay than to be hanged. Such was the total ſtupefaction in which my ſenſes were all wrapt, that I had not power to ſend him away or interrupt him; nay, I even thought it better to keep him with me than to be alone by myſelf. But ſuddenly I heard a loud talking on the ſtairs. I ſtarted, my courage returned, and I roſe from my ſeat.

Is there ſo cheering, ſo enchanting a ſound, as the voice of a friend, when the heart is oppreſſed with anxiety and deſolate grief! It was Florzel's voice I heard. I flew to the

door. 'Twas Florzel I ſaw. He threw himſelf on my neck, and led me out, ſaying, "Come, my friend, you are free." I made no anſwer, ſo entirely overcome was I with joy. But, ah! how light did my heart now feel! We left the priſon and got into a coach, forgetting to take my box and portmanteau (which however were delivered to me the next day); and until we were actually at count Steinbach's door, I never once thought of telling Florzel it was no longer open to me. He then took me to the other end of the town, where he lodged, and where we arrived by a little after twelve. As we were going along, Florzel told me all I wanted to know, and accounted for the very odd effect my name had produced upon the principal part of the priſoners in the *King's Bench*. It aroſe from the coin-

cidence of there being another emigrant, whose real name was *Desbruyères*, a jacobin, and a notorious swindler, who had been sent out of France for his exploits; this man was permitted to settle in England by passing himself off for a Genevese, and by producing false passports. He had a great many friends amongst the worst characters in town, who, as is well known, are a much more numerous order of people in London, than in any other place in the world; having also played the part of an *orator*, which in France is so common, but at the same time so conspicuous a character, he could not all at once check his literary career in which he had been so successful, he therefore became the author of a number of anonymous pamphlets against the religion and government of the country. By an

odd concurrence of my unlucky deſtiny, it ſo fell out, that his bookſeller was the very ſame to whom I carried from time to time the looſe ſheets of the count's political compoſitions.—The real *Deſbruyeres*, finding out that he was ſuſpected, took to flight, and the police officers, deceived by my name and my conſtant viſits to the bookſeller, took me up inſtead of him. Florzel, hearing of my arreſt, took very active meaſures, in conjunction with Mr. Merton, to juſtify me and liberate me from priſon. It was abſolutely neceſſary for me to declare my real name; but Florzel, who took upon him to be reſponſible for me, gained me the good will of miniſters, ſo that I had no fear of being ſent out of England. Florzel, whilſt relating theſe circumſtances to me, ſpoke in very high terms of the conſtant and tender

friendſhip which Mr. Merton retained for me; but he ſaid very little about Lucy.

The next day, in the morning, Mr. Merton, to whom we had written a note, came at ten o'clock to carry me to the houſe of lord ***, who had ſettled my buſineſs. Mr. Merton preſented me to this miniſter by the name of the Baron De Kerkalis, and as his intended ſon-in-law; I was very graciouſly received. I anſwered my lord ***'s queſtions to his ſatisfaction: and he was laughing heartily at my late adventure, when the door of the drawing-room opened, and the Count de Steinbach made his appearance.—After advancing a few ſteps, he ſtopped ſhort, and was all aſtoniſhment at ſeeing his poor ſecretary, who he thought was in priſon, converſing familiarly with the miniſter; the latter,

taking notice of his ſurprize, aſked him if he knew *M. the baron De Ker-kalis?* At theſe words the count's aſtoniſhment was beyond bounds. He returned no anſwer to the miniſter's queſtion, but continued looking at me with a wild ſtare of wonder. At length I obſerved to lord ***, that I had formerly ſerved the count in the capacity of a ſecretary, under the fatal name of *Deſbruyeres.* Lord *** then addreſſing himſelf to the count, ſaid many very obliging things of me, and ſpoke of my marriage with Miſs Merton. Whilſt theſe explanations were going on, the count changed colour, ſtammered out ſomething or other, and could no longer preſerve his compoſure of countenance. It has always been my opinion, that in proſperous circumſtances, too much indulgence and mildneſs cannot be

ſhewn to others, and that by ſuch conduct, we find out thoſe whoſe hearts are truly noble and generous; it was with this idea that I haſtened to relieve the count's painful embarraſſment. I talked much of the ſervice which he had rendered me by bringing me to England; I praiſed, in very warm and exaggerating terms, the kindneſs with which he had behaved towards me during my continuance in his family; and I did not allow myſelf to make uſe of a ſyllable even of indirect reproach againſt his late conduct. The poor count was ſenſibly touched at the manner in which I had ſpoken of him, and coming up to me with tears ſtanding in his eyes, embraced me. O how greatly are thoſe vindictive perſons to be pitied, who prefer the empty and cruel ſatisfaction of making thoſe who have

injured them openly, ashamed of their conduct, to the pure gratification of impressing the hearts of their enemies with the softer and meliorating emotions of penitence! I left my lord's drawing-room perfectly satisfied with my own behaviour; and Mr. Merton, as he was going down stairs, frequently pressed my hand, and told me, again and again, that I was *a good creature.*

In the practice of virtue there is attached the following encouraging principle, every good deed makes us still more in love with it; it cannot therefore be attended with all that painful difficulty which it is often represented to be, because it ennobles the very sacrifices which it ordains.

I again saw Lucy, who received me with much friendly attention: but I found her in very low spirits, and

more thoughtful than ever. Florzel did not come to the houſe the whole of that day. Mr. Merton had company to dinner. When he roſe from table he went to whiſt, whilſt Miſs Lucy made the tea. She called me, to requeſt I would carry a diſh of tea to her father; and when I came cloſe to her, I perceived that her eyes were full of tears. I aſked what was the matter? She bade me, in a low voice, to come again in the evening, and ſhe would tell me. It was then half paſt five; I went away at ſeven, and returned at the hour appointed. I was told that Mr. Merton was out, and would not return till ten o'clock, but that Miſs Lucy expected me in the *great parlour*, where I found her by herſelf. It was not without feeling myſelf much hurt that I ſaw Lucy had a handkerchief in one hand, and

a ſalt-bottle in the other; for I had before remarked, that on all affecting occaſions, the Engliſh ladies are generally provided with a ſalt-bottle, a vehicle of remedy, which they have dedicated to the moral feelings in the ſame manner as the French ladies on ſimilar occaſions depend on orange-flower water and Hoffman's drops.

Lucy made me a ſign to ſit down; I obeyed in ſilence, and for more than a quarter of an hour ſhe continued moving backwards and forwards on her chair, at one time ſighing deeply, at another ſmelling to the ſalts. I began to be afraid of her fainting away, but her natural colour preſerving its uſual bright hue, I felt tolerably eaſy on that head; ſtill, however, I was uncomfortable and much diſtreſſed. At length, Lucy making a very conſiderable effort to ſubdue her feelings, broke

silence, and after a long preamble, she, with tears, confessed to me that her heart was no longer in her own possession; that she had in vain struggled against her passion, and had confided it to no one, and that the object of it had never made her any declaration.——Here she paused, and perceiving that I did not attempt to interrupt her, smelt again at her salts, let fall her eyes, and carrying her hand frequently across her forehead, with a languishing accent breathed out the name of *Florzel.*—I was somewhat staggered at finding that Florzel was my happy rival. After a moment's reflection, "Miss Merton," said I, "your avowal has given me extreme pain, but as you have altered your sentiments, I am more easy at your having done it in favour of Florzel, than of any other man."

Miſs Lucy did not appear to expect ſo much moderation on my part; her joy ſparkled in her eyes. "Alas! my dear ſir," ſaid ſhe, "I have never altered the ſentiments I have all along had for you. I have always retained a tender friendſhip and undiminiſhed eſteem for you. I love you with all the ſentiment of a rational regard, but I love Florzel with all the feeling of the tender paſſion. This confeſſion I owe to your friendſhip. Yet, notwithſtanding what I have ſaid, I will not break the engagement which my father has made with you, and on which, from the affection which he has for you, he reſts his chief hopes of happineſs in this life. I am ſtill ready to become your wife. My frankneſs ought to convince you of my ſincerity. I ſhall not be happy, but I will fulfil all the duties of

a wife, and will never fee Florzel more"—"No, no, Mifs Merton," I replied, "your happinefs is my only concern; you muft marry Florzel—and leave me to arrange every thing with your father."—"O thou moft generous of men!" exclaimed Lucy, burfting into tears, and clafping both my hands in hers. At that moment fo much elevated expreffion kindled in her eye, that I felt as if I was raifed above myfelf; I mingled my tears with hers, and thus addreffed her: "Be compofed, in me you fee only a friend, a brother, who will ftrive to the utmoft of his power to make you eafy."—"You ought to learn," faid fhe to me, "that before I had feen Florzel, I had been fo preffed by my father to declare in your favour, that I gave him my word to act conformably to his wifhes, begging him, at the

same time, not to mention a word to you about it; and from this cause it was that my father thought himself at liberty to fix the day for our marriage, notwithstanding I had given you no formal promise. He has therefore entirely made up his mind in this particular, and will of course be greatly surprized at this recent conclusion,"— "Never mind," I replied, "rest satisfied, and trust to my zeal."—"Trust to it!" exclaimed she, "O how great must be my ingratitude, if I were not to rely on you entirely!" At that instant we heard somebody knock at the street-door. "There's Mr. Merton," I exclaimed, "go to your chamber, I will wait here to receive him." Lucy rose, took two or three steps, and coming back to me, said with an affecting expression, "I am going to shew you how entirely I repose upon

your goodness. It is possible that my father will not consent to my marrying Florzel"—"In that case," I replied, "suffer me to receive once more this hand." She held it out to me; "and it shall be that of a faithful wife. If I be not allowed to devote myself to love, let me at least dedicate myself to friendship"—"This proof of your esteem," replied I, "shall be justified by my conduct; you have already rewarded me richly for the service I am about to render you, and you shall shortly judge whether I am capable of disinterested friendship or not." Lucy, hearing her father's voice, retired through the back door of the parlour. She was but just out of the room when Mr. Merton entered. Without loss of time I informed him of all that had passed, hiding nothing from him but the pro-

mise which his daughter, with so much sensibility, had so lately made me; for I was convinced, that if he had been made acquainted with her sentiments on this head, he would have rejected Florzel in the most positive manner. Notwithstanding all my circumspection, however, Mr. Merton a thousand times repeated, that he had his daughter's promise; that he would not yield to a mere whim; that I was the only man in the world whom he could approve of as a son-in-law, and that no other should receive the hand of Lucy. To this he added, that Florzel had become my rival, and by supplanting me, had inspired him with the most perfect contempt of his principles. I justified Florzel with all the warmth of which I was capable, insisting that, according to Lucy's own words, he

had made no attempt to gain her affections—and I obſerved, that I had no reaſon to accuſe either Lucy or Florcel, but that myſelf alone was to blame for having ſo imprudently introduced a moſt captivating Frenchman to a young woman who could ſo juſtly appreciate the qualifications and graces of the mind. As I was ſpeaking, Mr. Merton, leaning with his elbow upon the chimney-piece, liſtened to me with much attention, all the while looking at me with an air of tender regard. I now began to think that my eloquence had conquered, and preſſing him to give me an anſwer, "Yes," ſaid he, "you alone ſhall be my ſon-in-law."—"No, ſir," I exclaimed, "it is impoſſible; believe me, I want not this claim to induce me to love and reverence you as a father as long as I live; but by every

principle of honour and friendſhip, I ſwear I will never marry your daughter." I then repeated my ſolicitations in behalf of Florzel; and dwelling upon what muſt be the feelings of Lucy, I repreſented to him the ſtrength of her paſſion, at the ſame time commending her filial reſpect and affection for the beſt of fathers. Mr. Merton appeared to me moved, and I immediately rang the bell. "What are you about?" he cried—inſtead of anſwering him, I turned to ſpeak to the ſervant; "Mr. Merton wiſhes to ſee Miſs Lucy."— "O, my friend!" exclaimed he, "you will deſtroy all my ſchemes of happineſs!" He threw himſelf into a great chair, and covered his face with his hands. Lucy then entered, pale and trembling; "Go, madam," I cried, "go and pour your thanks into the boſom of the tendereſt parent in the

world." She ran and threw herself, sobbing, at his feet. "My child," said Mr. Merton, embracing her; "my child, I cannot withstand your tears, I cannot reject your prayers. O may you be happy! may you, my daughter, never repent of having refused the generous man whom my paternal regard had chosen for your husband."—"My dear father," replied Lucy, "indeed I feel acutely even whilst I thus give him up. O that he had been born my brother!"—"Be consoled, my dearest Lucy," I exclaimed, "I am, I will be your brother till death shall rob us of each other." At these words this amiable girl threw her lovely arms around my neck, and embracing me, bathed my face with her tears. I clasped her to my breast with an emotion I never before experienced, and then, deliver-

ing her into the arms of her father, I tore myfelf away. I thought, when I was in the antichamber, that I heard her voice calling me back. I fhuddered, but ftopped not; and rufhing out of the houfe, threw myfelf into a coach that was waiting for me at the door, defiring the man to drive me to Florzel's lodgings. I knew not what to think of the tumult which I felt in my breaft—the laft embrace of Lucy, fo tender and fo fincere, had all at once produced a revolution in my ideas. "Lucy called me back, what did fhe want with me?" I repented my not having returned to the parlour. My mind was in this agitated ftate when I entered Florzel's houfe. The watch had called eleven o'clock. As I was going up ftairs I met Florzel, who was juft going out, but feeing me, he ftopped and returned, in order,

as he faid, to have a moment's converfation with me. I felt extremely dejected; and fo great was the oppreffion upon my fpirits, that I could not fpeak to him. We went into my room, when Florzel looking at me with aftonifhment, exclaimed, "My God, Kerkalis, what is the matter!" He fpoke this with fo friendly an air, that I was much affected. I endeavoured to collect my fcattered fenfes, and affuming a compofure of countenance, briefly informed him of the happinefs that awaited him. His furprize, his joy, his gratitude, were beyond all bounds; but all my fympathy had been left with Mr. Merton and his daughter, and I now felt as if my heart would break. I longed to be alone, and that I might get rid of Florzel, advifed him to go immediately, and impart thefe tidings to

his mother. He went, as I wished, and now left to myself, I thought with terror on what I had done—Florzel being made acquainted with the whole, the fate of Lucy was irrevocably fixed. With grief inexpressible I repeated to myself, "Alas! my Lucy is lost to me for ever—but did she not call me back! O my God! might it not be that my conduct in this matter had touched her heart, and given me a greater interest there! Perhaps she would of her own choice have then offered me her hand!" This idea, which never till this moment had struck me so forcibly, pierced my very soul. I was walking backwards and forwards in my room in the greatest perturbation, when a note was brought me. I saw it was Lucy's hand-writing, and a tremor spread all over me as I opened it. Ah! who can judge

of the pang I felt when I read theſe words:

"The inſtant you quitted me I "called you back. O! that you "could have ſeen what was at that "moment paſſing in my heart! My "beloved, my generous friend, *if,* "*according to my ardent hopes, you* "*have not mentioned our meeting, be* "*for ever ſilent about it;* and to-mor-"row, at nine o'clock in the morning, "come to me once more."

My tears would not be reſtrained; however, I wrote the following anſwer:

"Nothing now can be done—I "fondly thought I was doing you ſer-"vice, and I told all—Florzel adores "you; the deareſt wiſhes of his ſoul "are all fulfilled—Be happy, and I "ſhall never complain."

I passed two long hours in the greatest distress imaginable. How could I be otherwise, than deeply affected at the noble sentiments of a young woman of eighteen, who having obtained her father's consent to marry the man she loved, had so much greatness of soul as voluntarily to resolve to sacrifice her passion to her gratitude. Alas! I knew not Lucy's worth but in her loss, and my regret was deeply rooted.

Still I endeavoured to console myself, by maturely reflecting upon the pure disinterestedness of my intentions and conduct throughout; supported also by the thought, that I should always retain the liveliest esteem and friendship for the virtuous Merton and his charming daughter. I determined upon leaving England in two days at farthest, and not to do any thing with-

in that time, which might leſſen me in the eſtimation of two perſons, whoſe good opinion was ſo dear to me. This thought ſerved to reconcile me to myſelf, and at three o'clock in the morning I went to bed with peace, if not with ſatisfaction, in my heart.

The next day I was eager to conduct Florzel myſelf to Mr. Merton. A ſenſe of virtuous exultation ſuſtained me, that renders the moſt afflicting exertions eaſy to the mind; and I have in general obſerved, that in all the ſcenes of life, we always perform that part the beſt, be it ever ſo difficult to go through with, which is the beſt in itſelf, and appears ſo to thoſe who witneſs it. Mr. Merton gave Florzel a very cold reception; Lucy appeared unhappy, and her eyes were red with weeping. She ſpoke but little, bluſhed much, and preſſed my hand fre-

quently with the most expressive tenderness of manner. Florzel felt embarassed. I had the advantage over him, inasmuch that all I had done was gratefully acknowledged and admired; this he perceived, and was consequently very uncomfortably situated. Lucy too was but ill at ease whilst I was present, not daring before me to give way to her attachment for Florzel. All these observations were of great use to me, as they considerably diminished the keen regret I experienced at the thought of leaving England.

Doctor Merton came to dinner. He was now more odious to me than usual: he had been informed of all that had passed, and was heartily delighted at the event. I was no favourite of his, and Florzel was his admiration; in fact, I could not avoid thinking that the enthusiastic strain in

which he talked of Florzel, and the praifes he was continually lavifhing upon him, had greatly contributed to fway Lucy's affections.

In the evening Mr. Merton took me into his ftudy, and there this excellent man queftioned me about my circumftances, and my defigns in life, making me the moft generous offers; thefe, however, I altogether refufed with an undeviating firmnefs, not that I fhould have blufhed at receiving favours from the hands of a perfon whom, of all men, I revered the moft; but I was anxious to preferve the merit of the facrifice I had recently made, unalloyed by any perfonal confideration; befides, having no other kind of ambition to confult, this difintereftednefs coft me nothing. I told Mr. Merton, therefore, that, thanks to his generous cares, I had made in the courfe

of business twelve thousand francs, which to me was a large sum; and that it was my intention to return to Hamburgh, to get into a merchant's house, and to remain in that situation until I should have added so much to my little fund, as would enable me to buy, in the duchy of Holstein, a cottage and a few acres of land, and then I should pass the rest of my life in a peaceable retreat from the bustle of the world. Mr. Merton remained some time wrapt in thought, and at last expressing his approbation of my plan, told me that he would give me a letter to a friend of his, who was a merchant. I then took leave of this very worthy man, not without much poignant regret—we embraced in tears; and had I been then parting from the most affectionate parent, I could not have felt a keener pang at separation.

I set off the next morning at eight o'clock. My voyage was tedious but safe. Mr. Merton's correspondent, the merchant, received me with open arms; I was soon settled in his family, and was employed in his counting house. After having been three weeks at Hamburgh, I received a letter from Mr. Merton, informing me of Florzel's being married to his daughter.

Six months had rolled away since I had been in my new establishment, and September was now arrived, when Mr. Smith, the merchant with whom I lived, proposed to me a little excursion into the duchy; I with great pleasure accepted his proposal, it coming into my thoughts, that I would make use of this opportunity to fix upon some place for my intended retirement. We arrived at Kiel, the situation of which we both admired;

the beautiful canal formed by the waves of the Baltic, and the celebrated university, claimed each a ſhare in our admiration. Thence we proceeded to the handſome city of Sleſwick, where Mr. Smith expreſſed a deſire to go to ſee a place called *Pagcroë*, belonging to the environs of the town, which was much famed for its grand and lofty woods, as well as for its picturеſque ſituation. We went thither on horſeback, and I was charmed with the extraordinary beauty of the landſcape; I had ſeen nothing more delightful either in Switzerland or in England. This little diſtrict was very populous; wherever we turned our eyes, we beheld handſome farm houſes tenanted by wealthy peaſants. Mr. Smith went into one of theſe, when it was propoſed for us to go and view an elegant villa lately built, as we were

told, by a rich individual, who had never yet lived in it. We went to look at it; its outfide had the appearance of a very fmall cottage, but the infide was fitted up in a ftyle of complete elegance, with the moft perfect fimplicity and tafte, wanting nothing to make it a moft enchanting and finifhed refidence. A little wood, a meadow, an orchard, a kitchen-garden, and a poultry-yard, were all to be found within its compafs. I felt fomething like envy, when I thought, with a figh, how happy the poffeffor of this place muft be. Mr. Smith was juft about to leave it, when, ftopping on a fudden, he recollected that we had not looked into a ftudy which he had pointed out, the door of which was locked. The perfon who fhewed us this charming little retreat took the key from his pocket, and gave it to

him. Mr. Smith opened the door, and made me go in before him; I entered, and the firſt object that met my eyes was a large painting in oil; I went up to it to examine it, and found, to my inexpreſſible ſurprize, that it was Mr. Merton's picture, and a very ſtriking likeneſs.—"Now, my friend," ſaid Mr. Smith to me, "you wiſh to know to whom this houſe belongs; know that it is yours—you are its owner."—I ſunk into a chair; the tender emotion that flowed in upon my ſoul, was not more overpowering than my ſurpriſe. Mr. Smith told me that Mr. Merton, immediately after my arrival at Hamburgh, wrote to him, giving him a commiſſion to procure ſuch a kind of reſidence for me; deſiring him to buy a ſmall ſpot of land, and to build a houſe upon it from a plan which he had drawn him:

ſelf. O how did the thought of him, to whom I owed this acquiſition, heighten every charm I had already diſcovered in it. I ran over every part of it anew with increaſed delight, and could ſcarcely prevail upon myſelf to quit it to return with Mr. Smith. Many circumſtances, however, conſtrained me to go back to Hamburgh; theſe I promiſed myſelf to ſettle in a very little time, and then I ſhould repair to this delightful ſolitude, where the moſt generous of friends had put me in poſſeſſion of a ſituation that gratified my every wiſh. I did indeed ſtop but a little while at Hamburgh, but I left it not by myſelf. Chance had brought me acquainted with an emigrant Frenchwoman, of the name of D***, who was a farmer general's widow, and for whom the misfortunes ſhe had gone through had inſpired me

with the moſt tender intereſt. Having exhauſted every reſource of livelihood, and not having met with any ſituation of employ, ſhe had fallen into the moſt deplorable indigence. I conceived an eſteem for her, and pitied her from my ſoul, and at length offered her an aſylum; ſhe accepted my propoſals with the utmoſt gratitude, and I took her with me to Pageroë. We ſet off on the 27th of September. Madame D*** had juſt entered her forty-ſixth year; the traces of former beauty were yet viſible in her features, her eyes were ſtill very bright, and ſhe had not loſt her fine teeth; ſhe was a native of Provence, and fifteen years' reſidence in Paris had not at all taken away from her native accent. As I had only ſeen her in the hour of her affliction, I had formed a very falſe conception of her character; I at firſt

thought that she was serious, mild, steady, and unassuming, and she was in fact just the reverse. Having been in the possession of an immense fortune till the revolution took place, she was, as is commonly the case in such instances, completely spoiled by flattery. As she was naturally a coquette, extreme distress had merely restrained, but by no means destroyed, her bad habits; as to any thing else, however, she had a tolerably good heart, and did not want for sense. I am now describing her as I found her in the sequel, for when I took her to Pageroë, I had the greatest veneration for her possible; besides, one is apt to see every thing in the best light in a person on whom we have recently conferred a favour, and who appears to be sensibly affected by our kindness.

The first fortnight that I spent at Pageroë was passed in the most delightful manner; when I looked at my apartments, my furniture, and, above all, my wood, my garden, my meadow, I was in extacies. My benefactor had suffered nothing to escape him; whatsoever could complete my comfort was sure to be found in this endeared retreat. A small mahogany bookcase contained all such publications, relating to agriculture and rural economy, as were worth reading; my hen-yard was already furnished with poultry; a she-goat and two handsome cows adorned and gave animation to my meadow; from my study window I could behold all my possessions at once; my meadow, my live stock, my orchard, my wood of fir trees, my parterre, all were before me, and I said to myself, "I want

not the aid of fancy or of recollection to enable me to enjoy every thing I have: at one view I see my felicity in my possessions; in them there is nothing ideal, nothing is thrown away upon me; whatever is beyond my reach, deprives me of no part of my present enjoyments, nor hides them from my conviction; my fortune commensurate with my wants and wishes, perfectly assorts with my moral and natural faculties: my desires thus circumscribed within the compass of my view, what is it to me, that far beyond the limits of my little estate there are landscapes which cannot feed my gaze, shrubs and flowers whose odours perfume not the air I breathe, and walks where I cannot wander at will without fatigue? Is it not agreeable to the natural order of things, that man, who individually occupies so small a space of the

habitable globe, ſhould be contented with that portion of earthly domain, beyond which his ſenſes taſte no gratification?"

The gratitude and ſentiments profeſſed by madame D***, gave me the greateſt pleaſure. She aſſured me, that ſhe was paſſionately fond of retirement and the country; with the moſt becoming grace imaginable, ſhe ſhared with me in our little domeſtic toils; overlooked our aged and only ſervant, attended to the buſineſs of the dairy, and collected the eggs from the neſts of our hens; and when ſhe had gone through theſe, her daily avocations, ſhe would come to me in the garden, and converſe with me as I purſued my labours. I began to congratulate myſelf upon having met with a female of ſo intereſting a character, whoſe inclinations ſo well accorded

with my own, and in whom I had found all I could wiſh to render my ſolitude delightful; when at the end of ſix weeks, or two months at fartheſt, I could not but remark ſeveral particulars in madame D***'s behaviour, which ſurprized and diſpleaſed me: ſhe now allowed herſelf to talk a great deal more than in general I could bear; ſhe paid more attention to her toilet than heretofore, and dreſſed in a way which appeared to me rather ſtrange, conſidering the retired ſituation we lived in—her uſual dreſs was that of a young ſhepherdeſs, or of a village nymph; a garland of blue-bells encircled her brows, and a glow of rouge bluſhed in her cheeks, whilſt in her air ſhe affected all that frolicſome playfulneſs of youth which was ſo little adapted to the good lady's time of life, as to form the moſt

marked and ridiculous contraſt between her years and manners poſſibly to be conceived. And to all this, ſhe added another ſtill more diſguſting, becauſe more barefaced, artifice, the affectation of the *tendereſt ſenſibility;* always *melting*, and always in *little agitations*, ſhe imitated very ſucceſsfully that order of females who contrive ſo happily to faint away without changing colour, and as their diſorder fortunately proceeds from moral, and not from any phyſical cauſes, they ſucceed, in ſpite of *nervous attacks* and *fits to which they are ſubject*, in keeping up an excellent appetite, a lively humour, and unaltered health.

The whimſical inconſiſtency of madame D*** ſeemed every day to increaſe, and became ſtill more inſupportable when the fine weather was gone; for, during the long winter

evenings, ſhe could find nothing to entertain me with but the romantic follies of the former part of her life, the numberleſs conqueſts ſhe had made, and the hopeleſs paſſions ſhe had inſpired. In the mean time, however, ſhe invariably expreſſed ſo much regard for me, that it was next to impoſſible for me not to ſhew ſome towards her; her converſation was nevertheleſs fatiguing, and her aſſiduous attentions became troubleſome; but all this I concealed from her, not giving her any reaſon to ſuppoſe but that my attachment for her was as ſtrong as ever. In the courſe of her inſipid talk, ſhe had often given me to to underſtand that a rich merchant of Lubeck was deſperately in love with her. I took all ſhe ſaid for granted, being terribly afraid of long diſquiſitions on theſe ſubjects; I only ventured to ſuppoſe,

that this enamoured ſwain muſt have been married, as madame D*** ſeemed never to have thought of becoming his wife.

My companion played a little upon the guitar, and ſung love ditties; her voice, it is true, had neither modulation nor ſweetneſs, but I ſtill had much rather hear her ſing than be forced to liſten to her nonſenſical tales: I therefore frequently intreated her to take up her inſtrument, and ſhe, with the utmoſt readineſs to oblige, and fancying me abſolutely enchanted with her performance, played regularly every day an hour or two. One evening, when I handed her the guitar, ſhe told me her thoughts were too much taken up for her to attend to muſic: ſo far had I been from remarking this *pre-occupation* of her mind, that, on the contrary, I had been ſtruck the

whole day with her extraordinary exertions of gaiety, and her many affected airs; ſhe had played me a thouſand of her *pretty little tricks,* and I had never before ſeen her put on ſo many wanton winning ways. With my uſual circumſpection I had carefully avoided aſking any queſtions, but I found all my caution was to no purpoſe, when ſhe informed me ſhe was going to confide to me a very great ſecret. A ſigh eſcaped me at this fearful news, for I expected that now I muſt ſubmit to hear a long hiſtory; and, in fact, ſhe proceeded to give me a tedious detail of all the particulars of her connection with the rich merchant of Lubeck, whom reaſons of delicacy, which ſhe did not think proper to mention, forbade her naming. The trader adored her, ſhe ſaid; he was diſengaged, and was

eager to make her his wife, but ſhe loved him not, and could not prevail upon herſelf to *give her hand without her heart's conſent.*

This was the ſubject matter of this freſh romance, and madame D*** contrived to make the recital full an hour and half long. Wearied to death, I every moment changed my poſture upon my chair, and ſtrove all I could to ſtifle a violent propenſity to gaping which almoſt ſuffocated me. All on a ſudden, madame looking at me moſt lovingly exclaimed, "Heavens! what is the matter? you are not well, you change countenance, and your eyes, I vow, are filled with tears!"—"O, don't mind it; there's nothing ails me," I replied, ſomewhat confuſed.—"Why then this uncommon agitation?" ſhe rejoined; "why this melancholy, this conſtrained demeanour?"

—"My head achs a little."—"And is that really all?"—This queſtion was aſked in ſo very, ſo infantine a tone, with an air ſo very ſoft, and of courſe, to me, ſo perfectly ridiculous, that I could not for my life help laughing.—"*O you vile creature!*" cried ſhe, giving me a tender tap upon the ſhoulder, "how can you tell ſuch fibs?—but go, I forgive you: now let me have your beſt advice, you are not unacquainted with my ſituation, and, doubtleſs, know what is going on in my heart! What do you adviſe me to do?"—"Truly, madam, I think you ought not to refuſe the propoſals of a worthy man, who offers you ſo eligible an eſtabliſhment."—"And that is your real opinion, is it?" replied madame D***, ſtill more and more affectedly.—"And deuce take me, madame, if I don't think it is yours

alſo."—I ſpoke this with a degree of bluntneſs, which the irritation her grimaces had produced in me would not permit me to reſtrain.—"But why throw yourſelf into a paſſion?" interrupted ſhe, with a calm ſentimental air; "why expreſs yourſelf with ſo much ſharpneſs, ſo much impatience?" Here ſhe pauſed, and looked me full in the face; when, after a moment's ſilence, "*Ungrateful being!*" ſhe exclaimed in a languiſhing whine, and taking my hand, "*O ungrateful man!* "do you think fortune is to be put in competition with love?"—Now all was out; I was filled with ſuch conſternation, was ſo entirely embarraſſed, that I ſtood fixed to the ſpot with my mouth half open and my eyes faſtened on madame D***. She, however, laid all this confuſion to the ſudden effect of agreeable ſurprize, and conſtrued my

bewildered manner, into the natural diforder which a lover feels when he firft taftes the felicity of knowing he is beloved; fhe then threw herfelf completely into my arms, exclaiming, in the moft empaffioned emphafis, "Know then my whole foul is yours; but ah! do not take advantage of her who fondly loves you."—This was a requeft which of courfe I was very willing to comply with. I rofe with precipitation, and replaced my *fond miftrefs* in her chair. "Madam," faid I, "you have, I think, played the fool long enough with me; it is almoft twelve o'clock, and I muft wifh you a good night." Thus faying, I inftantly retired without waiting for her anfwer.

This abfurd bufinefs was by no means a pleafant circumftance for me; my home became no longer fo comfortable

as before; forced as I was continually to be in the company of a foolish woman, hurt at my coldness, and irritated at my rejection of her overtures, but whom I had imprudently attached, as it were, to my future fortunes, and who was so totally destitute of every resource, that unless she desired it herself, I could not possibly think of getting rid of her. I now readily supposed that the story of the Lubeck merchant, was only an invention to urge me on to make a declaration of the sentiments which she supposed I entertained for her.

The next day was a very stormy one. madame D*** took upon her to act the part of one who had conceived an unhappy passion for another, and as she was desirous of remaining where she was, she could not perhaps have thought of a better expedient; she

wrote me a truly deplorable account of herſelf, in which I was principally ſtruck with the following *elegiac* paſſage, "*That ſhe could not tear herſelf* "*from the ſpot where lived the object* "*of her deareſt hopes, and that not*-"*withſtanding all my barbarous indif*-"*ference, ſhe never would renounce the* "*delightful ſatisfaction of devoting her* "*whole exiſtence to him ſhe loved.*"

Such a reſolution chilled my blood; ſtill I endeavoured to anſwer her note with as much addreſs as I poſſibly could; and as the pathetic ſtrain in which ſhe wrote forced me to aſſume a ſerious ſtyle, I conjured her to let the matter reſt, and concluded with many expreſſions of reſpect and friendly regard; but madame D***, who for a long time had indulged the hope of taking me in to marry her, had prepared for me a numerous diſplay of

her usual stratagems. In the course of that day, and the three following, she exhibited no less than five or six nervous attacks, and as many fainting fits, of a most unconscionable length. These dreadful situations, however, she endeavoured to make as little fatiguing as possible to herself; for as it was necessary that they should last one hour, and be repeated the next, she wisely suppressed the usual convulsions, and was contented with settling herself well in an arm chair, or with lying down upon a couch, and calling out, "*I am very ill*;" she would next close her eyes, and remain perfectly still; then, as soon as she grew tired of this attitude, she would open them again, and it was all over; but the part I had to act was one that required much more activity. I was obliged to call the maid-servant, to make a plentiful

uſe of vinegar, to hold the poor creature, and by no means to leave her a ſingle inſtant; beſides, I was forced to ſhew all the anxiety in the world whilſt the farce was going on, becauſe it was all on my account. Theſe ſcenes were ſo thoroughly diſguſting to me, and the attacks were ſo often repeated, that my countenance became naturally ſad and diſcompoſed. Madame D***, ſtill conceiving me really diſtreſſed at witneſſing her affliction, ſeemed willing to carry on the jeſt ſome while longer; but that I might at once put a ſtop to the faintings, I had recourſe to a little ſtratagem, which was ſoon crowned with ſucceſs: this I unfortunately never thought of till the fourth day of the lady's calamity. I have already obſerved, that madame D*** wore rouge, and I had ſince found out that ſhe pencilled her eyebrows;

when on the fourth day, as the third of theſe formidable fits was coming on, I ordered a large bucket of water to be brought me immediately, and as if debating with myſelf what would be beſt to be done, I obſerved, loud enough to be heard by madame in her ſyncope, that I would dip a handkerchief in the water and apply it to her face; inſtantly, as I expected, ſhe opened her eyes juſt time enough to eſcape the operation. It is with much pleaſure that I ſubmit to the public this ſimple and eaſy recipe of my own invention; being of opinion, that this innocent remedy would prove a never failing ſpecific for all thoſe ladies who faint, and are ſo violently afflicted with delicate nerves.

From this time madame D*** ſubſtituted in the place of fainting fits, *cramps in the ſtomach, and palpitations of the*

heart; but ſhe never after loſt her recollection.

We went on thus for more than five weeks; when the return of ſpring reſtored me to my liberty. I paſſed the whole day either in my garden or in the fields, and ſaw madame D*** only at the uſual hours of meals. She finding herſelf thus obliged to give up the greater part of her expectations, altered her conduct at once, and no longer conſidering it neceſſary for her to act with reſtraint, or to diſguiſe her real character, became ſour, peeviſh, paſſionate, captious, and capricious; no longer pretending to be gratified with the cuſtomary purſuits of a good houſewife, but expreſſing an utter diſdain for all our rural occupations, and an abſolute abhorrence of retirement. About this time I fell ill of a bilious fever, and I verily think that

the thwarting contradictory temper of madame D***, and the miserable listlessness which it occasioned, served to bring on this complaint, which attacked me very severely.

'On this occasion, however, she conducted herself so entirely to my satisfaction, that I at once forgot all her faults and improprieties. She was my only nurse, and watched five nights together by my bed's side, paying me every necessary and kind attention. This behaviour gave her a just claim upon my indulgence; she perceived I thought so, and abused it without the least regard to appearance, making herself not only the mistress, but the tyrant of my house. We were continually changing servants; for madame D*** being so difficult to please, could not keep any above a week; add to which, as she had lately

been viſiting in ſeveral families of the neighbourhood, ſhe brought to the houſe all her new acquaintances, and laid me under the neceſſity of receiving them. The next winter ſhe went ſtill farther, and invited her friends to dinner-parties, thus involving me in expences which I was wholly unable to ſupport—the ſlighteſt remonſtrance on my part was ſure to bring down the whole weight of her indignation upon me; ſhe either burſt into flights of paſſion, or became ſullen and would not ſpeak. I reſiſted with weakneſs, and yielded with vexation; every day the ſame diſagreeable ſcene was acted; and madame D***, with a cunning peculiar to herſelf, led her acquaintances to ſuppoſe that I was privately married to her, and every body in that part of the country believed it was ſo. Thus did this vain,

whimsical, extravagant, and absurd woman, contradict, abuse and thwart me in all my projects, and completed my ruin, by making me the laughing-stock of all that knew me.

I continued to receive letters from my worthy friend Mr. Merton regularly, and learnt with regret that Florzel had plunged deep into dissipation; that he was become a gambler, and went on at a very careless rate; and that Lucy, greatly hurt at his conduct, was grown jealous of him, and was very wretched. For my own part, had it not been for madame D***, I should have been thoroughly comfortable; I every day became more and more attached to that part of the country in which I resided*; that happy spot in which the nobility are

* The Duchy of Holstein.

affable and beloved, whilſt the peaſants are rich and civilized; where alſo is enjoyed as much liberty as an honeſt man can wiſh for. And when I conſidered that all theſe advantages were to be met with under a deſpotic government, but wiſe and mild in all its meaſures, it brought to my mind a verſe which Florzel was fond of quoting from the Engliſh poet *Pope*:

> For forms of government let fools conteſt,
> Whate'er is beſt adminiſtered, is beſt.

Thus had I paſſed nearly two years at Pageroë, about which time moſt of the emigrants, without having been publicly recalled, were haſtening with much confident eagerneſs back to France. Although I had determined never to give up my cottage at Pageroë, I felt ſo ardent a deſire to ſee my own country once more, that I could

not refift it. I agreed with madame D***, that fhe fhould remain in my little farm during my abfence, and promifed her to return at the end of fix months.

It is neceffary, perhaps, to remind the reader, that fome years previous to my taking this journey, when a great fcarcity prevailed in France, I publifhed a memoir, in which I propofed to my countrymen to fubftitute for bread a fort of acorn, which is ufed as food by the people of Spain. I had tranfmitted this paper to Paris, and had fent fome impreffions of it into my native province of Bretagne. As I conceived that this little performance would afford indifputable proof of the intereft which I took in the welfare of my country, I perfuaded myfelf that it might be of ufe, in my prefent circumftances, to recal the

public's attention to this ſubject, and having kept for myſelf twenty copies, I failed not to take them with me. I did not go directly to Paris, as many individual conſiderations made me determine to go firſt into Bretagne; and although my voyage was long and dangerous, I forgot all my fatigues as ſoon as I found myſelf at Breſt. Having ſettled ſome part of my buſineſs, I reſolved to viſit the ſpot on which I was born, and once more breathe my natal air, notwithſtanding the eſtate was now in other hands. I had formerly done a great deal of good amongſt the inhabitants, and reckoned much upon their gratitude, and with pleaſure counted upon ſpending a day or two among them. To give them a convincing teſtimony of my patriotiſm, I provided that my memoir ſhould reach them before me, and

therefore ſent the mayor of the place all my remaining copies. My mind was taken up with the moſt gratifying expectations, and my heart ſwelled with every tender emotion when I reached, by the decline of day, the beloved place of my nativity. I was on horſeback, and went on gently, looking about me on all ſides with the greateſt delight, recollecting every object around me with as much intereſt and agreeable ſurpriſe as if I had not expected to have found them in the ſame places as they formerly occupied. I found out the lands which I had improved, and contemplated them with great ſelf-ſatisfaction. "Another hand," ſaid I to myſelf, "reaps their fruits, but mine it was that gave the power to bear!" Man's injuſtice may deprive another of his property, but can never rob

him of the well-earned title of the benefactor of his fellow-creatures. It is now that I am fenfible of what all mankind feel at the laſt moments of their lives. I perceive the inefficacy and fickleneſs of fortune; of all theſe lands I poſſeſs nothing, but I retain my conſcious rectitude, and the remembrance of good deeds. All that I can call my own are the ſacrifices I have made, and the virtuous toils I have undergone; ſuch are my only treaſures, and all my enjoyments are compriſed in the good I have done—as to every thing elſe, it is for ever vaniſhed like a dream.

When I ſaw the village before me, my heart began to expand itſelf. I anticipated the aſtoniſhment and joy which would be manifeſted by my ancient vaſſals at thus beholding me ſo unexpectedly. I ſpurred my horſe

on, but was forced to ſtop, as one of my ſaddle-girths gave way, which I alighted to adjuſt. At this moment a young countryman paſſed me, whom I aſked whether old Bernard was alive ſtill. I was anſwered, that he was alive and well. "Hark ye, my lad," ſaid I, "go and let him know that his old friend *Kerkalis* is on his way to his houſe."—"What?" exclaimed the young man, "*are you the ci-devant Baron de Kerkalis?*"—"Yes, my good fellow, I am the ſame." No ſooner were theſe words out of my mouth, than he took to his legs with all the ſpeed he was able, and darted towards the village with ſo much precipitation, that he was out of ſight in leſs than three minutes. This extraordinary alertneſs gave me reaſon to hope for a very flattering reception—my eyes filled with tears. "Ah!" cried

I, "how consoling is it to know oneself beloved; from the lower ranks alone ought true gratitude to be expected!" Reflecting thus with myself, I mounted my horse again, and was very soon at the entrance of the town. My heart beat with extacy at seeing the streets filled with people, and the peasants rushing from their doors to meet me! But who can describe what I felt, when coming up to the crowd, I heard nothing but the most abusive language, attended with the most threatening gestures. Notwithstanding my surprize and terror, I had still presence of mind enough left to ask what they had to accuse me of. "How! rascal," cried a dozen mouths at once, "you are the villain that would have treated us no better than brutes. Yes, you infamous aristocrat, according to your ideas, truly, we are no more

than *ſwine*; and like them, if you could have had your will, were to have been fed with *acorns*." The inſtant that this reproach aſſailed my ears, this ſtrange interpretation of my memoir, which was written with ſo benevolent an idea, ſo kind an intention, I gave up all thoughts of vindicating myſelf, and made up my mind for the fate that awaited me, not having the ſmalleſt doubt but that theſe furious beings would not heſitate a moment in putting me to death. Happily at this very inſtant the mayor of the town came to my aſſiſtance; in him I recognized old Bernard, to whom I was going to pay a viſit. He harangued the mob with much warmth and firmneſs, and in my defence inſiſted principally upon one point, that I was not the author of that *infamous publication*; pretending that ſome

enemy of mine had caused it to be printed with my name, in order to bring me into trouble; in proof of my innocence, he brought forward my conduct as a private individual, and the confidence with which I came among them. This speech had a very good effect; the violence of the mob subsided, and it was demanded of me to disavow the *crime* myself: I did so, by affirming (what was true enough) that I had written nothing which ought to give them offence. "As that is the case," cried they, "e'en let him go, but let him take care how he ever returns." Delighted at getting off so well, I set about obeying the decree, by seizing the reins of my horse, sticking my spurs into his sides, and galloping off as fast as I could.

When I reached Brest I was so fatigued, and so sick at heart with

ſorrow, that I fell into a fever, which confined me two days to my bed.

My friends adviſed me to go to Paris; thither therefore I went, and preſented a petition to the government, in which I claimed the juſtice that was my due; aſſerting that I was not an emigrant, and that I had been ſent out of the country without any reaſon in the world. I concluded this remonſtrance with again ſtating my right, and begging that my claim might be allowed, if not to my eſtate, at leaſt to return to my native country. My petition, however, received no anſwer, and I continued ſome time in Paris; till another revolution took place, when all thoſe emigrants, whoſe names had not been ſtruck off the liſt, were forced to betake themſelves to inſtant flight. Information was brought me in the middle of the night, that

I was included among *the exiles*; but profiting by the timely intelligence I received, I had the good fortune to escape, and thus a second time did I quit France; however, one good effect resulted from this unpropitious journey: I became more sensible of the value of my charming little cottage at Pageroë. On my arrival in Hamburg, a most agreeable surprize awaited me, for I there found Mr. Merton and his daughter, the countess of Florzel, who being parted from her husband, and in very ill health, had visited the continent for the purpose of breathing a clearer air, and with the hope of amusing her grief. Mr. Merton informed me that Florzel had behaved very ill to his daughter; that for nearly two years, women and play had taken up all his attention, and that at length both his for-

tune and his health had equally suffered. He had now left his wife of his own accord, in order to live in less restraint with a woman of notorious character, whom he had taken off the stage. When I again beheld the amiable Lucy, I felt the tenderest emotions of regret, at perceiving the roseate blush of health that once glowed upon her cheek, entirely gone; but the pallid melancholy of her countenance rendered her a still more interesting object in my eyes. She received me in the kindest manner, and confessed to me that she had not married Florzel, had I known how to have turned to my own advantage the gratitude with which my conduct had filled her heart. "I am at last," said she, "severely punished for having listened to the dictates of love, in opposition to the counsels of reason;

had I attended to my duty, I ſhould never have been enſlaved to that unfortunate paſſion which my misfortunes have ſhewn me the folly of; I ſhould have retained my friend, and preſerved my father's happineſs. That health and peace of mind which I have loſt, had ſtill been mine!" Lucy wept, and my heart was ſo full that I could only liſten to her in ſilence; my tears flowed with hers, for in ſeeing her ſuffer, every pang I felt was aggravated, yet I could not help conſidering her affliction in ſome degree flattering to myſelf.

Mr. Merton's plan was to carry his daughter with him to Dreſden, and to ſtay there ſeven or eight months; but as buſineſs would detain him one week longer at Hamburgh, I expreſſed an ardent wiſh that he would gratify me by taking Lucy to ſee the delightful

retreat which I owed to his friendly beneficence. He conſented to make an excurſion to Pagerbë, and madame Florzel was equally deſirous of being of the party. The pleaſure I experienced at the thoughts of this journey was greatly damped, when I recollected that I ſhould find madame D*** there; and I honeſtly acknowledge that it was not without ſome ſenſe of ſhame that I reflected upon my being about to introduce to the moſt delicate and moſt modeſt of Engliſh women, an old coquette of madame D***'s ſtamp: without mentioning this lady's abſurdities, I gave Lucy ſome little intimation of what ſhe had to expect as to her manner. I obſerved to her, that ſhe was not without her virtues; but I frankly allowed that ſome fault might be found in her ſtyle of dreſs and behaviour.

Some little accidental circumſtances having detained us on the road, we did not reach Pageroë till eleven o'clock in the evening. Every body was gone to bed in the different cottages near my houſe. As ſoon as we came up to it, I alighted from the carriage and knocked at the door, but for the ſpace of ten minutes my efforts to obtain an anſwer were in vain; however, I did not ſuffer this to diſcourage me, but knocked louder and louder, calling out with all the voice I was maſter of. At length a window opened, and by the light of the moon I ſaw a ſtout fellow put his head out, who, in a very angry tone, aſked me in French "what I wanted?" Thunderſtruck as I was, I made ſhift to reply, that I wanted to get into my houſe.—"Get away with you," cried the man, "you are either drunk or

mad, and have no busineſs here." Saying this he ſhut the window, and it was to no purpoſe that I knocked and ſtormed, for nobody ſeemed diſpoſed to take any further notice of it. Overwhelmed with confuſion, I returned to the carriage. Mr. Merton was angry; Lucy laughed; and for my own part I knew not what to do, or what to think: we debated what courſe we ſhould purſue, when it was reſolved that we ſhould call upon one of my neighbours, who was a farmer, and lived in a ſpacious and handſome houſe. This good man got up, rouzed his family, and gave us a moſt hoſpitable reception. Madame Florzel was led into a very neat room; tea was brought her, and ſome excellent brown bread, with moſt delicious cream. Whilſt theſe things were going on, as I could talk German very well,

I employed myſelf in making inquiry of the farmer about the cauſe of our late dilemma; when I learnt from him, that madame D***, ten days after my departure, had let my houſe to a Ruſſian family for eight months, under the following circumſtances: A Ruſſian nobleman travelling for his health, with his wife and family, had ſtopped at Ileſwick to conſult a M. Licht, a celebrated phyſician, who preſcribed reſt and country air. Coming therefore to Pageroë, he was highly pleaſed with its picturesque ſituation, and with my houſe. Madame D*** was willing to profit by a wiſh which this gentleman expreſſed to have the latter, and pretending to be my wife, not only aſſured him that I had no intention of ever returning to it again, but that it was her own excluſive property, and ſo let it him for

eight months, demanding fifty gold frederics for that time, which were paid down beforehand. Madame D*** having concluded this bargain, quitted Pageroë and settled at Lubeck. Having heard thus much, I expressed myself very happy that she had not taken it into her head to sell my house; but Mr. Merton observed, very justly, that as I had not left any letter of attorney with this woman, I could enter my house within two days. To settle this matter, I therefore set off for Ilefwick at break of day, and enquiring amongst the lawyers, found that I might, without the least difficulty, get rid of this Russian family, who had been in my house for more than three months. On my return to Pageroë, I went with Mr. Merton to call upon my Russian tenants, to whom I explained the fact, and the nature

of my claim. They agreed that there was no contesting the point with me, and that they had made a very improvident bargain. His lordship, however, requested to stay the next day, and invited us to dinner. We went accordingly with madame Florzel; when we were introduced to a very interesting young woman, who was the wife of this Russian lord, and to some charming children. Lucy conceived a friendship for the lady, and when we left the party I summoned up all my self-denial, and declared in the most gallant manner possible, that I should not think of taking possession of my house again for at least four or five months to come; for this declaration I was abundantly rewarded by the approbation which Lucy expressed of my conduct, and by the thanks of the Russian lady, as well as by an in-

vitation which Mr. Merton gave me, with a hearty ſhake of the hand, to paſs the time with him and his daughter at Dreſden. Out of reſpect to the Ruſſian family, we ſtaid two days longer at Pageroë, at the expiration of which we ſet off for Lubeck, where we remained a ſhort time; here I learnt that madame D*** had joined a company of French comedians, and was engaged at the *opera comique* in Brunſwick.

I thanked Heaven that I had now ſo completely got rid of this woman, and my adventures with her furniſhed Lucy with amuſement during our journey. The four months which I ſpent in Saxony rolled away very faſt; Lucy had by that time recovered her health, and I accompanied her and her father to Cuxhaven; it was there I beheld embark theſe two perſons ſo dear to

my ſoul. I ſaw the veſſel gradually leſſening from my view—ſoon did I loſe it in diſtance, and my ſtraining eye ſettled in vacant gaze upon the vaſt expanſe of waters. The object of all my fondeſt thoughts and wiſhes no more bleſſed my ſight, but had paſſed away into a dreadful immenſity of ſpace. How ſad and true a picture this of death that tears us from every ſocial connection, and hurries us into the boundleſs regions of eternity! Alas! how keenly did I at that moment feel the miſery of being left upon the ſhore, alone and forlorn!

I once more returned to my cottage, whoſe ſolitude now for the firſt time began to appear irkſome to me; not that I abſolutely wiſhed for madame D***'s preſence to enliven it; but I candidly confeſs, that from having been ſo long accuſtomed to her ſociety,

I miſſed her. There is nothing which gives ſo much animating intereſt to any habitation as a female and children, for women alone poſſeſs the art of governing a houſhold with propriety; they alone underſtand how to regulate the ſervice of domeſtics, to provide what is neceſſary for the preſent, and to give orders for the future; there is no houſekeeper, let her be ever ſo inexpert, but who may render herſelf uſeful in keeping the ſervants within bounds, and in eſtabliſhing throughout the family, neatneſs, regularity, and even elegance; and a woman, by her preſence only, acts as a domeſtic curb over all the interior management of that family—ſo true is it, that ſuch concerns conſtitute their peculiar dominion. Every thing in my apartments appeared to me to be out of its place, the furniture was not ranged to ad-

vantage, and a certain aukwardneſs and want of accommodation, which I could neither expreſs nor remedy, ſeemed to prevail in every part of the houſe. One day I by chance diſcovered under a table a work-bag belonging to madame D***, which ſhe had forgotten to take away with her; the ſight of it raiſed in my breaſt a ſenſation which approached to ſomething like ſentiment; I took it up, and placed it reſpectfully in my parlour upon a marble ſlab; whenever I caſt my eyes on it I felt a degree of gratification, not becauſe it brought madame D*** to my recollection, but becauſe I regarded it as a *feminine ſymbol*, which I contemplated with delight.

I reſumed my various occupations with ardour, and very ſoon recovered

my former tranquillity, by keeping constantly at work. I had some where read in a medical book, that the best expedient for withdrawing mad people from their mental wanderings, was to make them regularly occupy themselves in some manual labour; I prescribed the very same plan to myself, to expedite the cure of the passions which form a species of madness that readily admits of remedy. Study, in some situations, serves but to increase the melancholy of the mind to an alarming extent: and, not unfrequently, persons are incapable of that unremitting attention which pursuits of this nature demand. But if once a lover can bring himself to dig and labour in a spot of ground from morning 'till night for six months together, I can assure him, from my own experi-

ence, that love will have no more power over him, either to rob him of fleep, or difturb him in his dreams.

The winter wore away very heavily, notwithftanding I enjoyed the fociety of two or three very worthy neighbours, and I hailed the month of April with inexpreffible delight. One day as I was walking in my grove of fir-trees, I was informed a woman wanted to fpeak to me; when I got back to my houfe the ftranger was introduced, and I was accofted by a fat German countrywoman, with an infant in her arms about ten or eleven months old. I immediately afked her bufinefs, and fhe as immediately replied, that fhe had brought back my child. "My child, good woman; what do you mean?"—"Yes, your's, and there it is; I have taken good care of it, and reftore it to you ftout

and hearty."—"Indeed, miſtreſs, you are miſtaken; I have no children, not I."—"Why, ſir, is not your name Kerkalis?"—"It is, but what of that?" —"Why then, this is your boy; madame D***, *with her own mouth,* told me ſhe was the mother of it, and declared, moreover, that ſhe was your wife, and that I had only to bring it to you as ſoon as it could be weaned. Here, ſir, here is a note from your wife, which will convince you that I am not deceiving you."—Saying this, ſhe gave me a paper, when I immediately recognized madame D***'s handwriting, and read as follows:

"I know your goodneſs of heart, "and am certain that you will not "abandon this infant, which it was "impoſſible for me to take with me."

Having read this note, I remained motionleſs with ſurprize; the nurſe,

however, went on with her ſtory, informing me that madame D*** had brought this babe into the world two or three months after my departure to Paris, and that when ſhe ſet off for Brunſwick ſhe had confided it to her care, at the ſame time giving her this note, and deſiring her to deliver it to me with the child as ſoon as it ſhould be weaned, and that ſhe had alſo been paid for the time ſhe had looked after it. I now recollected that a player belonging to the Brunſwick company having been ſome while living at Sleſwick, madame D*** had met him ſeveral times at the houſes in the neighbouring families, and that ſhe had even brought him to mine; whence I directly concluded, that this man had engaged madame D*** in his company, and was the father of her child. I could not reflect upon this

woman's effrontery without astonishment; but, as she sagaciously foresaw, it really was impossible for me to refuse receiving this little innocent, who smiled in my face, and was a very fine boy. I took care, nevertheless, to assure the nurse that compassion alone induced me to take in the child, for that madame D*** was not my wife, and had not been even my mistress. She, however, seeing me receive it, was very well satisfied in herself that it owed its existence to me; and my female servant, with all my neighbours, were of the same opinion.

My untoward fate in all this was truly remarkable, since, to bring it about, it was absolutely necessary that it should have come into madame D***'s head to produce a child in her forty-ninth year, and that she should moreover have conceived the extraor-

dinary idea of making me a preſent of it, that I alſo ſhould have the good nature to receive it, and ſo lead people to ſuppoſe that I had privately married a woman old enough to have been my mother, and who, to crown all, had recently engaged herſelf in a company of players. The whole adventure altogether was not told much to my credit in Holſtein, and when I had ſucceeded in ſetting my friends right reſpecting this pretended marriage, I could not perſuade any of them to give up the ſuſpicion of the little Joſeph (for ſo he was called) being my ſon; as to the other conſequences of this affair, I very ſoon made up my mind about them, for I was naturally fond of children, and became conſiderably attached to Joſeph, who began to ſhew much ſweetneſs and livelineſs of temper. It was my fixed determination

to bring him up carefully; but as I was conſcious of my deficiency in the requiſites of a tutor, and being anxious to furniſh myſelf with ſome literary intelligence, I reſolved to truſt to the reports of four or five reviews, that I might be better able to judge what courſe of reading to purſue; but the reference which I made to them threw my ideas into ſtill greater confuſion, for the authors of theſe journals ſeemed never to agree—the ſame work which one condemned as execrable, was praiſed in the moſt extravagant terms by another; amid all theſe conflicting opinions, I found myſelf incapable of ſettling my own, and therefore applied myſelf to reading thoſe modern authors whoſe reputation was eſtabliſhed. Morality I was particularly deſirous of ſtudying, and procured the works of our philoſophers; this however was a

ſtudy that involved me in ſtill greater perplexity, for theſe writers were continually contradicting themſelves and each other; it is true, I found in their works thoſe paſſages which Florzel had extracted, but, to my utter aſtoniſhment, I met with others of the moſt oppoſite ſentiments, and morality preſented itſelf under an equally varying form—principles of a ſeditious and ſanguinary nature, apologies for vice and crime of every ſort, encomiums on virtue, religious ſentiment, impiety, licentiouſneſs, deiſtical and atheiſtical opinions, were all to be met with in theſe works defended or oppoſed, as I conceived, with the intention of pleaſing the reſpective taſtes of their various readers; forming, in fact, an encyclopædia of all the good and bad principles that are to be met with in the world, and leaving every one,

to chooſe or reject whatever pleaſed or diſpleaſed him. There certainly is much accommodation in this ſyſtem, but as it is tireſome to have always to turn over the leaves of ſuch large volumes, merely to find out an authority for each individual's way of thinking, it has occurred to me that it would very much conſult the convenience of their readers, if theſe writers on moral and political philoſophy would have the goodneſs to ſpare the trouble of this reſearch, and claſs their principles with ſome ſuch mode of reference as the following—*for royaliſts, for anarchiſts, for libertines, for thoſe who are willing to remain virtuous*; and this they might more eſpecially do, as the latter head would comprize but a very ſmall part of the work. I never was partial to ſuch great variety, that can only ſuit loungers and perſons la-

bouring under afflictions, which it is neceffary to amufe. Happinefs confifts only in a regular concurrence of deeds and fenfations, continually repeated and renewed; for, in general, *uniformity* and *famenefs* create and fupport it: when I meet with any thing that pleafes me, I attach myfelf to it, and every thing which ferves to put me out of conceit of it, counteracts my comfort; and from this notion I threw afide the works of the philofophers of the prefent day, and began reading the authors who flourifhed in the laft century. In thefe I met with all the beft maxims of modern writers, only expreffed with more ftrength and eloquence, on virtue, beneficence, the duties of kings, on tyranny, the paffions, the folly of conqueft, and the madnefs of war, &c.; and, above all, I found the ftyle fo pleafing in fome,

ſo ſublime in others, the turn of expreſſion ſo exquiſite, the reaſoning ſo cloſe, the concluſions ſo naturally growing out of the premiſes, the deſcriptions ſo lively, the appeals to the paſſions ſo irreſiſtible, and the art of perſuaſion carried to ſo great perfection, that all my doubts were at once reſolved, and I ſaid within himſelf, "My boy Joſeph ſhall one day read all theſe works, for ſuch are the works by the help of which men can alone attain to literary eminence, and become good citizens."

Theſe admirable authors I read with rapture, and with them I never knew what it was to feel myſelf alone; they were my beſt friends, as they enlightened my mind and improved my heart.

About the middle of the ſummer I received a letter from Mr. Merton, which rouzed every tender emotion

within me; in it he informed me, that Lucy had prevailed upon herſelf to return to Florzel, who was dying of a conſumption, in order that ſhe might if poſſible alleviate his ſufferings, by every aſſiduous and affectionate attention in her power.

Poor Florzel continued in a languiſhing condition for ſeveral months, and at laſt died, on the 23d of February, in the arms of his amiable wife, whom he had abandoned for a worthleſs woman. This unhappy young man thus fell the victim of an unreſtrained diſſipation, and of vicious courſes, which at length brought him to the grave; had he, on the contrary, poſſeſſed virtuous principles, and led a moral life, he might have enjoyed a long and honourable continuance of the happieſt of all human conditions. This is one of thoſe mournful, but

profitable leſſons, which happen every day in high life, but to which no one ſeems diſpoſed to attend; for young men, giving themſelves up wholly to the indulgence of their paſſions, form but one reſolve to which they inflexibly adhere, which is, never to ſuffer reflection to intrude upon their gratifications. Whenever ſuch an unfortunate inſtance as this of Florzel occurs, for awhile their curioſity is excited, and they become attentive ſpectators; but no ſooner is the ſcene cloſed, than they induſtriouſly repulſe every remembrance of it, fearing nothing in the world with ſo mortal a dread as the remonſtrances of thought—ſo well aware are they that reflection would, as it were with a magic wand, at once overthrow all their enchanted palaces of delight, and diſpel every flattering illuſion.

This news from England produced in my breaſt a new emotion to which I had hitherto been a ſtranger. My fancy continually preſenting to my view, Lucy, now a widow, and free from every reſtraining obſtacle to my wiſhes; I became more reſtleſs, more thoughtful, than ever. I expected letters every day, and waited their arrival in the moſt anxious ſuſpenſe—when none came I was miſerable. I ſpent the remaining part of the winter and the following ſpring in this ſtate of mind; at length, in the month of July, Mr. Merton wrote to me, to deſire that I would return to England, and from the conſtruction of his letter, I clearly perceived that I might at laſt claim that felicity which had once before been promiſed me. I was not long in getting all things ready for my departure, and after letting my cottage

to a friend, for I resolved never to sell it, repaired immediately to Cuxhaven, and after waiting a long time for a favourable wind, I embarked on the 22d of August, taking with me little Joseph, who was now in his third year.

I arrived at Dulwich, on the 3d of September, a place about five miles from London. Mr. Merton was then at his country house there, and with his daughter was expecting my arrival. It was eight o'clock in the evening, when, putting Joseph into the hands of my valet, I entered the parlour, where I found Mr. Merton and Lucy; this was the happiest and most gratifying moment of my life. I again beheld my benefactor, my second father; I again saw before me the only woman I had ever loved. As I pressed within mine the hand that Lucy, weeping,

held out to me, I expected to hear her pronounce herſelf mine; truſting that now friendſhip would amply repay all that love had robbed me of. Not a word, however, eſcaped our lips that could wound the nice delicacy of madame de Florzel, ſtill in her weeds of widowhood; notwithſtanding, ſhe gave me every other proof of her tender regard for me; and the good Merton, now that all his views ſeemed to be accompliſhed, gave me many ſignificant looks unperceived by his daughter. It was with difficulty that he managed to contain his joy, and appeared anxiouſly to wait the moment when he ſhould be alone with me, and could ſpeak without conſtraint. Two or three times did he beg of Lucy to go and ſee whether every thing was ready for me in my apartment; after a few of theſe hints ſhe left us, when he,

drawing his chair close to mine, cried out, "She's yours, my friend, now you may be sure of her."—"And has she told you so, sir?"—"In the most positive terms, and has moreover desired me to inform you so; but at the same time she enjoins the strictest silence upon the subject on your part, until her mourning be up, which will be five months hence. O if you did but know how often, from the bottom of her heart, she has repented of not having preferred you to the unworthy man who has given her so much pain! Long before his death she had ceased to love him; but no sooner did she learn that his life was despaired of, than she flew to him, and attended upon him with the most praise-worthy assiduity and affection. She is a little self-willed, it is true; somewhat romantic also, and at times perhaps ca-

pricious; but ſhe is, altogether, a a moſt excellent creature; ſhe has an honeſt, generous, and ſuſceptible heart."—I cordially acquieſced in the encomiums which this good father laviſhed upon his daughter. When ſhe came in again, Mr. Merton called out to me, "*Huſh, ſhe's here!*" and turning towards Lucy was going to joke with her, when his words died upon his lips, at perceiving the ſad and ſolemn air with which ſhe advanced towards us. I alſo was greatly ſtruck with the change in her countenance. Her father aſked her what was the cauſe of it; ſhe anſwered rather ſhortly, and ſate down. It was cold, and the fire had been lighted; Lucy took up the poker, and began to ſtir it. Mr. Merton was greatly aſtoniſhed, and could not take his eyes off her; for my part, I was completely diſcon-

certed. At length Lucy broke ſilence, "My God! M. Kerkalis," ſaid ſhe, deeply bluſhing, "I entreat you would inform me what child this is whom you have brought with you, and who calls you *papa*?" This queſtion, put to me at ſuch a moment, and in the ſtate of mind in which I then was, gave me as much uneaſineſs as if I had not expected it; nor could I have been more embarraſſed, had I been guilty of any crime with reſpect to the boy. It unfortunately happened alſo, that at the time I took him into my houſe, Mr. Merton's letters were upon ſuch important and ſerious buſineſs, that I thought it a very unſeaſonable opportunity for me to mention to him ſo ridiculous an adventure—hence I had never ſaid any thing to him about it; but Lucy's manner and tone of voice ſhewed me inſtantly what were her

ſuſpicions and her indignation. I foreſaw all the conſequences, and perceived at once I was undone. I changed colour and made no anſwer, that is, I tried to ſtammer out ſomething or other, but my voice failed me. "*Shocking, ſhocking!*" cried Lucy, her anger kindling in her eyes. "*O ſhocking!*" ſhe repeated, then roſe from her chair and left the room. "What is all this?" aſked Mr. Merton, with rather a ſevere accent. As I now found myſelf *tête à tête* with this good man, I reſumed my courage, and acquainted him with every particular of the whole ſtory with the utmoſt ingenuouſneſs. Mr. Merton, after hearing this account, ſhook his head with an air of chagrin, "This is very unlucky," ſaid he; "I have not the leaſt doubt of the truth of what you tell me, but I know Lucy ſo well,

that I fear it will be a very difficult thing to perſuade her to believe it; although ſhe has a very affectionate regard for you, ſhe is not in love with you, and this adventure will certainly deſtroy at once that opinion which ſhe had of your ſentiments with reſpect to her, and women never forgive thoſe who ſpoil or derange their little romantic ſchemes, be they what they may, which they themſelves have formed.

Mr. Merton then adviſed me to go and ſee for Lucy, and to explain every thing to her immediately. I left the room inſtantly for that purpoſe, but felt a certain inward apprehenſion which preſaged me no good: I muſt own, that the warmth of my affection was in ſome degree abated, when I conſidered this promptneſs which Lucy manifeſted to accuſe me, and her haſty jealouſy,

which had not love to plead in its excuſe. I dare ſay I entered madame Florzel's room with an aukward air enough; for I was at once piqued, diſcontented, and put out of countenance—a ſituation which leaves room for but very little gracefulneſs of manners. Lucy was walking in great agitation backwards and forwards in her chamber; as ſoon as ſhe perceived me, ſhe ſtopped and gave me a look ſo full of diſdain, as to freeze up all my faculties at once. "I am come, madam," ſaid I, "to explain to you—" —"Oh, every thing is already explained," exclaimed ſhe, interrupting me abruptly; "the thing itſelf is clear enough; and, beſides, your changing colour ſo frequently, and your extreme embarraſſment, are ſufficient confeſſions of your guilt; notwithſtanding all theſe, however, I am not

unwilling to hear what you have to ſay in your behalf; ſpeak therefore."—Thus ſaying, ſhe ſat down by the fire place; I ſeated myſelf cloſe by her, and after a moment's ſilence ſaid to her—"This child is madame D***'s ſon."—"Ah! I ſuſpected as much," ſaid ſhe, forcing a ſarcaſtic ſmile.—"Yes, madam."—"Fie, M. Kerkalis, for ſhame! after all that you have told me of that woman—"—"But—"—"Fie upon you! ſir; do not ſuppoſe that I am jealous, but this is ſo ſhocking a thing! and what will all my friends ſay? to whom I have ſo often boaſted of the purity of your morals, and of the ſentiments you profeſſed for me!"—"You will not hear me then?"—"Nothing can excuſe ſuch conduct; a woman too ſo deſpicable, a woman full fifty years old! I ſhall always retain a friendly eſteem for you, but after becoming

acquainted with a matter of this nature, I certainly ſhall not give up my liberty to you, and this I poſitively aſſure you of—do not therefore deceive yourſelf, my reſolution is fixed; let us no longer think of any ſuch thing, and now give me leave to rejoin my father."—I did not attempt to ſtop her, but ſuffered her to quit me, and went and ſhut myſelf up in my room. An hour had elapſed when Mr. Merton came to ſeek me; as ſoon as he came in, he began upon me rather harſhly—"What," ſaid he, "can you have told Lucy? ſhe pretends to ſay, that you have confeſſed every thing to her."—I then proceeded to give him an account of all the converſation between me and his daughter; and he at the ſame time informed me, that ſhe had liſtened with more patience to him, but that he had failed to make any

impreſſion upon her mind by whatever he had ſaid.

Madame de Flcrzel did not appear at ſupper, and on the morrow ſet off at break of day for the houſe of one of her aunts; ſhe left a letter for her father, which confirmed my diſgrace in the moſt unequivocal manner. What could I now do? Even the teſtimony of madame D*** herſelf, had it been poſſible to have produced it, could not have diveſted Lucy of her indignant ſuſpicions. I ſubmitted to my fate, and conſoled myſelf with the thought, that this hope, which was now melted away into air, had procured me three weeks of happineſs at leaſt; and this is a period of enjoyment of conſiderable duration, when the precarious and limited nature of our earthly career is conſidered.

I once more betook myſelf to my

cottage; and there, meditating upon the divers incidents of my life, returned thanks to Heaven that in preserving me from the miseries and many errors consequent of the influence of the passions, had of its bounty given me a feeling heart, a relish for retirement, and five acres of land in a country where reigned hospitality, fertility, and peace.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

G. Woodfall, Printer, Paternoster-row.